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THE SPHERE, JULY 18, 1936
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THE SPHERE

Vol. CXLVI No. 1904 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC JULY 18 1936

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PORK AND APPLE SAUCE!!

This delightful photograph was taken in Whiteway's cyder-apple orchards at Whimple, where large numbers of pigs seem to enjoy "the shade of the old apple-trees."

When His Majesty the King, a practical Devon farmer, early last month visited Bradninch, Devon, where our Hele factory and orchards are situated, he remarked on the suitability of the soil in that district for growing cyder apples.

WHITEWAY'S DEVONSHIRE CYDER IN SCREW QUART FLAGONS IS THE MOST ECONOMICAL AND HEALTHFUL SUMMER BEVERAGE. IT IS UNIQUE IN ITS SOFTNESS AND FREEDOM FROM ACIDITY, AND IS OBTAINABLE EVERYWHERE AT THE FOLLOWING PRICES:—

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(In local counties 10d. In Scotland and N. Ireland 1/-)

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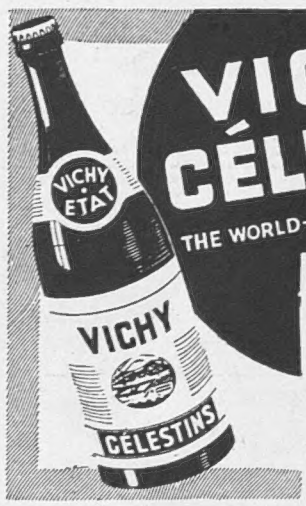

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VICHY-CÉLESTINS is Nature's own antidote for warding off the pains and penalties of *Rheumatism*. Drink it *regularly* at meals, and at any other time. *Obtainable everywhere.*

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Bangor Wharf, 45, Belvedere Road, London.

Statistics show how an increasing number of applicants are failing to pass the Driving Test—particularly among women. Amateur teaching is largely to blame. For efficient tuition on dual control cars one cannot do better than ring the Central Motor Institute, Hampstead (Pri. 1161), Harrow (Har. 2322), and Palmers Green (Pal. 5171).

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APPROVED BY DOCTORS

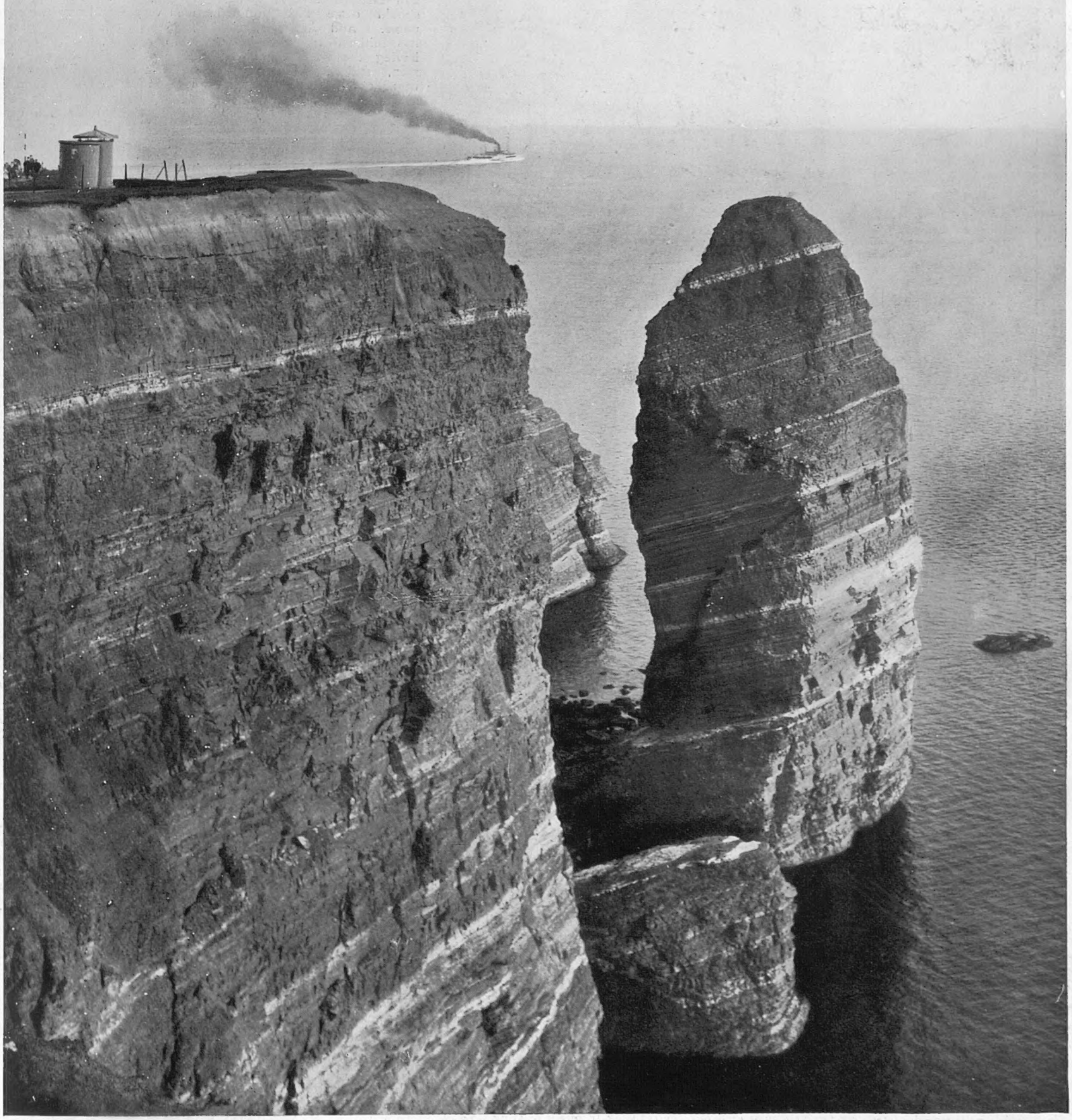
FAMOUS FOR FIFTY YEARS

This little girl and her mother live in a slum, but it isn't quite so bad as it was, now they have been to the sea for a fortnight.

There are, however, thousands of other poor mothers and children who will never go to the sea, unless help comes. Will you give £5 for a fortnight's holiday for one family—please? Preb. Carlile, C.H., D.D., 55, Bryanston Street, London, W.1.

CHURCH ARMY
FRESH AIR HOMES

THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, July 18, 1936



HELIGOLAND: GERMANY'S GIBRALTAR

A Scene on the Rocky Island, Once a Powerful Naval Base, which the Nazi Government is Now Refortifying in Defiance of the Versailles Treaty

In 1890 Heligoland, that minute island of the North Sea, was ceded to Germany in exchange for Zanzibar by Lord Salisbury's Conservative administration acting against the express wishes of Queen Victoria. Twenty-four years later it was a mighty Prussian fortress with 12-in. guns in armoured turrets, 11-in. howitzers, and defensive works costing in all £35,000,000. But soon after the outbreak of the war it was the scene of a great engagement and of a victory for England that not only drove a wedge into German naval policy, but compensated in large measure for Allied reverses on land. For here Beatty swooped down at the very gates of the enemy, catching them off their guard, and sinking three light cruisers and one destroyer. With the Versailles Treaty Heligoland was shorn of all its strength, but now nearly two decades later it once again looms large and in Parliament on Monday the Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs stated, in reply to a question, that Germany was heavily refortifying it—and "by no one's leave." In fact it appears that, in defiance of the peace provisions, a new harbour is under construction, powerful batteries have been installed, the original methods of checking erosion have been re-adopted, and the whole place is a hive of activity

Postage—Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.

FOOTSLOGGING THROUGH THE NEW FOREST: Men of the 2nd Battalion Middlesex Regiment marching to summer camp at Lyndhurst last Saturday. At the same time 8,000 troops of the Territorial Army also began a fortnight under canvas

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

32–34, St. Bride Street, E.C. 4,
Wednesday, July 15, 1936.

THE OXFORD SOCIETY.

—The Oxford Society, that friendly society and masonic benevolent institution for Oxford men all the world over, is getting into its stride at last. I was a critic at its inception. I was disappointed that it made such feeble efforts to reach that large potential source of membership—the men who had taken their names off the books of their colleges. The society alleged that there was no means of obtaining the names and addresses of this mighty source. That was not so. Soon after the war, a new and efficient type of bursar had tackled the problem and many colleges—I can speak for Trinity—had a most live and effective roll of its alumni, from which circularisation could have been carried out, but was not. The business is now in hand, I am told, and the society advances with hope. The King is its patron. Branches are springing up at home and abroad. The counties have active and canvassing secretaries. Colonials visiting England are caught and catered for. The magazine, *Oxford*, is a sound and informative publication, with a circulation of 30,000, and a good advertising revenue. It does indeed keep Oxford men in touch with Oxford thought and progress. The summer number has many good articles and admirable illustrations of college restoration schemes, of the Campion Hall and the proposed Bodleian extension, and the purposes of Rhodes House are well and wisely explained. In connection with the Bodleian extension a famous site in Oxford will by 1939 have been completely and utterly transformed, and not changed for the worse. Sir G. G. Scott's building will have frontages on Broad Street opposite the Clarendon Building and on Parks Road for a considerable length. The whole structure is a solid block 172 ft. square and will replace on Broad Street a score of old houses and shops bordering the premises of Trinity. On both frontages the new building will be considerably set back from the existing, and as a result Broad Street will be broader and nobler still. A tunnel from the old Bodleian will connect with the annex which is to house in its tiers of basements 5,000,000 books.

EMIGRATION AGAIN.

—Lord Hartington "let slip" a semi-official announcement last week which is the best possible news and will, I hope, not receive the treatment meted out recently to the *obiter dicta* of other Government members. Emigration from this country to the Dominions ceased at the war and has been dead for twenty years. For a decade to come it will not assume any important volume but a start is to be made again this winter. In the "golden age" (as we now regard pre-war times) this was the healthiest safeguard for Empire and the old country. It kept the Empire stocked with good man-power for hopeful ventures and it kept the population of these congested islands below "boiling point." It cemented the Empire and distributed the Empire's workers over the most favourable field for work. Of course there were "grouses." The Dominions always wanted the best and insisted that the best should come with a lined purse. And Australia, who has initiated the fresh start, having the liveliest need of men, still insists on the best only, furnished with some capital. "Remittance men" need not apply. But here in Britain the situation has also changed. The best are available and ready to go. For decades excellent workers and trained men have been perforce continuously idle and a part of the money with which they must be supported over here in idleness, could, capitalised, usefully be employed in setting them up in Australia for a fresh and hopeful start. It will pay all concerned, including the British Exchequer. It is excellent news. In a small way, the improved progress of the 1820 Memorial Settlers Association (confined to S. Africa) is another proof that Colonial emigration is reviving and that good men in industry as well as in agriculture are welcomed in the Dominions again.

COSMOPOLITAN CHELTENHAM: Direction notices in eight languages being posted up in the Promenade in readiness for the Seventh World Conference of the New Education Fellowship, which will bring some 2,000 delegates to the famous West of England spa. A large proportion of them are from the Continent, and not a few from the Far East

THE NEW PROVOST.—

Few more interesting appointments in the scholastic world have been made than that of Lord Hugh Cecil to the Provostship of Eton. The soundness of the policy of selecting public men of high ideals and wide experience for the headships of colleges and schools has always struck me. It is moreover one of the better fashions we have borrowed from the States. The election of a Provost for Eton has been regarded as of considerable importance for 500 years. The Sovereigns of Britain and the chief Ministers of the Crown have always tried to keep their hands on the appointment although for 426 years, from 1443, the election was nominally vested in the Fellows, whom failing in the Bishop of Lincoln. The chosen candidate had to fulfil certain conditions. He had to be a M.A., or B.D. at the lowest, a priest, English-born, an old Etonian or alumnus of King's, and not under thirty years of age. But the Crown or the statesmen very soon broke the conditions in forcing on the Fellows nominees who were neither priests nor alumni of Eton or King's. Both Elizabeth and Victoria succeeded under the old Statutes in forcing nominees on the Fellows against their will. Then came in 1869 the new Statutes which confirmed to the Crown a prescriptive right, won by duress over four centuries. Under these new rules the chosen candidate had to be a member of the Church of England but not of necessity a priest; a M.A. or better; thirty years of age or more; and an Oxford or Cambridge alumnus.

LORD HUGH.

—Lord Hugh triumphantly fulfils these easy conditions. The youngest son of the 3rd Marquess of Salisbury, he is sixty-seven. He is about as important and energetic and influential a lay member of the Church of England as exists; he is one of Oxford's most distinguished alumni; an hon. D.C.L., LL.D., and M.A.; M.P. for the University; Fellow of Hertford: and of course an old Etonian. His Parliamentary career has been very long and dialectically brilliant, though he has never held high offices in the State. During the War, he had a spell in the R.A.F. A bachelor, he has always lived at Hatfield and his brother's house in Arlington Street. He will now live in the Provost's charming lodgings at Eton—an annexe of which is reserved for distinguished Etonian visitors—during the school halves. In due course he will retire from the representation of the University as his duties at Eton will preclude him from Parliamentary attendance regularly. Those duties are heavy and the post is very highly remunerated. The Provost is the official head of Eton, chairman and president of the Fellows, and has authority over the headmaster in all matters other than the conduct of the laid-down routines of education and discipline of the boys. Perhaps it is Eton's proximity to Windsor which has made the selection of the head of this public school an important affair of State. It surely cannot have been always a sense of the importance of sound education for the sons of the privileged class. Be it what it may, as a result or perhaps in spite, of outside interference with its domestic affairs, Eton has produced umpteen Premiers, and Ministers of State uncounted. And now, of course, little Peterkin bobs up with his impertinent and embarrassing question, "What good came of *that?*" I can

only reply, "It is a famed academy"—adding the P.S., "Mr. Baldwin was at Harrow."

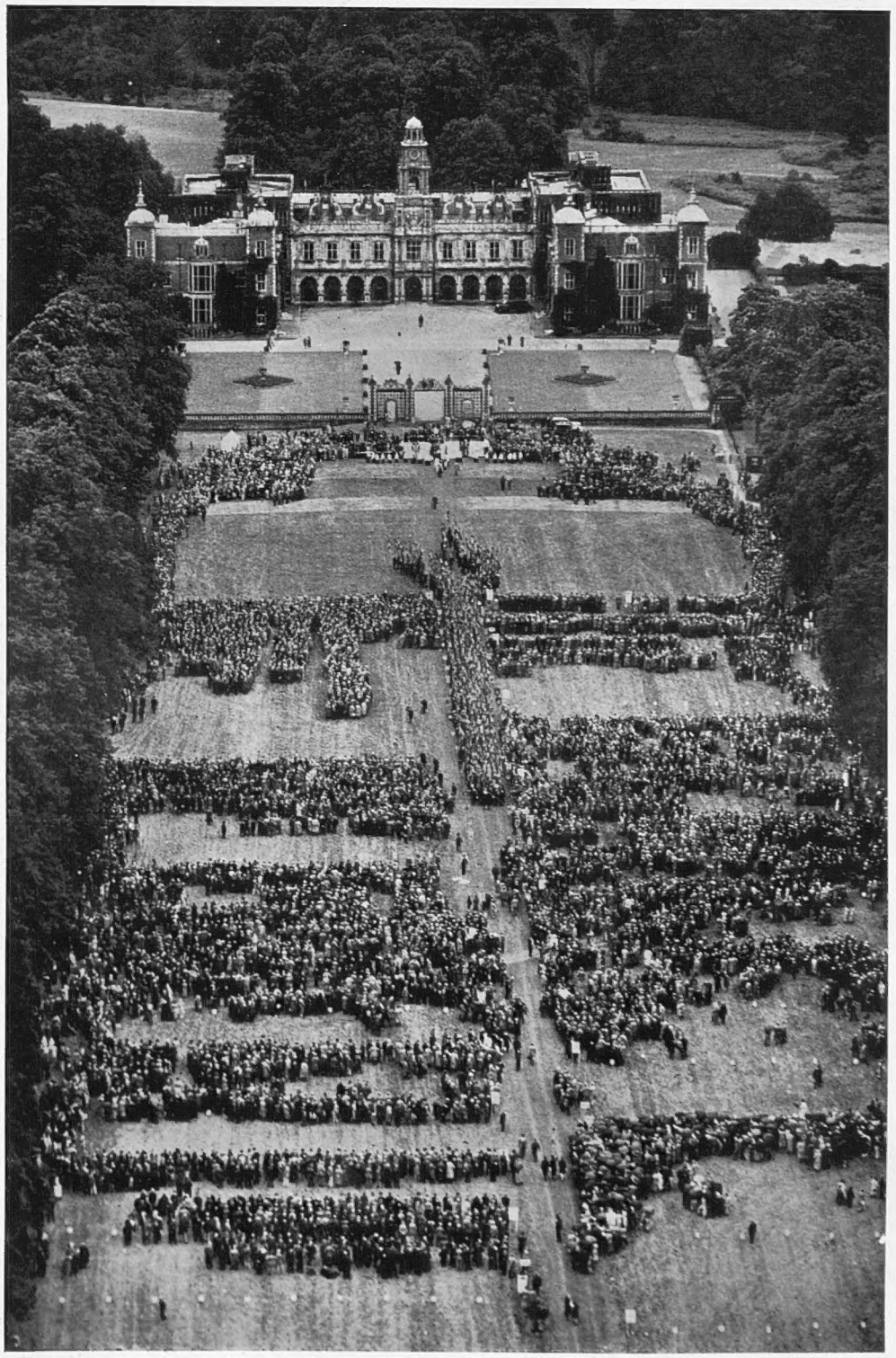
OLD KATE.—Reason would—and Sentiment would—that I should spare a paragraph to Old Kate of Aldwych—the actress match seller—who for several years was a rather tyrannical extra janitor of Inveresk House, where THE SPHERE was prepared for publication until recently. Old Kate died last week. Once a week for many years I passed her on my way inside and my greeting obtained from her a smile of rarest dignity and sadness. She sat there, rain and shine, summer and bitter winter, swathed in her shabby clothes and pathetically loose boots, displaying but never offering, her faded boxes of matches, looking stedfastly on the Gaiety Theatre, where once she had danced and mimed, a minor star. She was American born, joined an American touring company of barn-stormers and rose to play "leads" in London theatres. For four years she was established under George Edwardes' management at the Gaiety. She was known as Kate Foote. She disposed of three husbands; the last left her £20,000. She ran through in her time at least £60,000. She was a gambler who unfortunately sometimes won. When fortune finally deserted her, her charms had faded and she could find no more stage work. So, having lost all but her courage, she became a pedlar of matches and chose for her pitch the closest viewpoint of her former triumphs.

AT LORD'S.—The 'Varsity match was on the dull side from all points of view. Cambridge by collaring the Oxford bowling on an easy wicket the first day, spoilt the hopes of an interesting game, though Mitchell-Innes worked like a Trojan to keep the interest alive. The Lord's wicket, proverbially *varium et mutabile*, made it possible for two Test teams to be skittled out like village XI's, and for a University team to pile up a monster score all on a summer's day for the loss of nine wickets—only a day or two afterwards. Dull cricket and dull as a social occasion. The old dons, the old schoolmasters, the country parsons, and the eternal schoolboys, forgathered to their annual meeting place rather like depressed Lourdes pilgrims no longer confident of a cure. Even the *laudatores temporis acti* retold their ancient triumphs on the green in whispers, and their womenfolk looked dreadfully bored and had apparently anticipated boredom in their choice of clothes. At the Eton and Harrow match things were, of course, despite the weather, much more lively. At 1 p.m. on Friday things looked hopeless. At 2 p.m. the boys came out to play. As a groundsman in the pavilion said to me: "If this was a county match there'd be no play to-day. But what's the good of turf if you won't risk it for the only dividend-payer in the year's fixtures." So the fashionables came through the turnstiles, and such of the boys as troubled to attend found their sisters and cousins and aunts worthily turned out for what proved a massacre by drowning. Later in the evening, as I walked down St. James's Street to dress for dinner I met an old friend. He said: "St. James's Street at seven o'clock on an evening in Lord's week. Do you recall what it all meant to us in the last days of the age of Privilege? The stronghold of St. James's, as viewed in those days from the windows of Brooks' and Boodle's and White's? The Squires up from those incomparably tended country-houses all over England, the cricket weeks and country-house parties about to begin. When Time stood still and ease and dignity and security of tenure and luxury flourished as a matter of course? When the problems of living were no problems and taxation was only a pinprick in a sleek side? When landowner and Britain and the Empire seemed eternally established . . . the last hours of a privileged class and a privileged race of men." Yes, I remembered very vividly. It had to go. Privilege had a wonderful run, a deuced long run. The change over came without bitterness and on the whole the new and more equitable distribution of such plums as remain has been received without grousing. But St. James's is not what it was.

BRAMSHILL.—In this very jumpy, changing world, when all forms of investment security are quickly and constantly affected by political events and fears, real property as an investment is once more coming to be recognised as by no means a bad expedient. Thus once more the old territorial magnates are being replaced by the newer rich in their estates, and those estates are preserved from breaking up for development; which is a "good thing." It was a good thing for Sussex when Sir Weetman Pearson, the 1st Lord Cowdray, bought Parham and Cowdray, not to add Paddockhurst, and it is a good thing for Hampshire that Lord Brocket is following his example in buying up big estates for his family though not for his own occupation. Lord Brocket has bought Bramshill from Sir Denzil Cope, whose family has owned it and occupied it since 1699, though the great Jacobean house was built to the order of Lord Zouche eighty years earlier. All who drive from Farnham to Reading note the great façade rising beyond the bare heather common on a plateau bare in front but backed with great (and famous) fir trees. The house is a vivid memory of my private school days. Eerie it always seemed to us and indeed visitors were not welcomed if detected. We went every Sunday to Eversley Church, Charles Kingsley's parish, and were able to stray to Bramshill during our Sunday walks. It always gave us the creeps. We encouraged the baseless legend of the "Mistletoe Bough," the bride imprisoned by chance in a great chest, and the setting and woods were sombre enough for tragedy. I had a theory that the Copes, who are a Roman Catholic family, were the originals of the Ravenshoe family in the book of that name by Charles Kingsley's erratic and brilliant brother, Henry. But I daresay it is as baseless as the "Mistletoe Bough" legend.

THE OLD STAGER

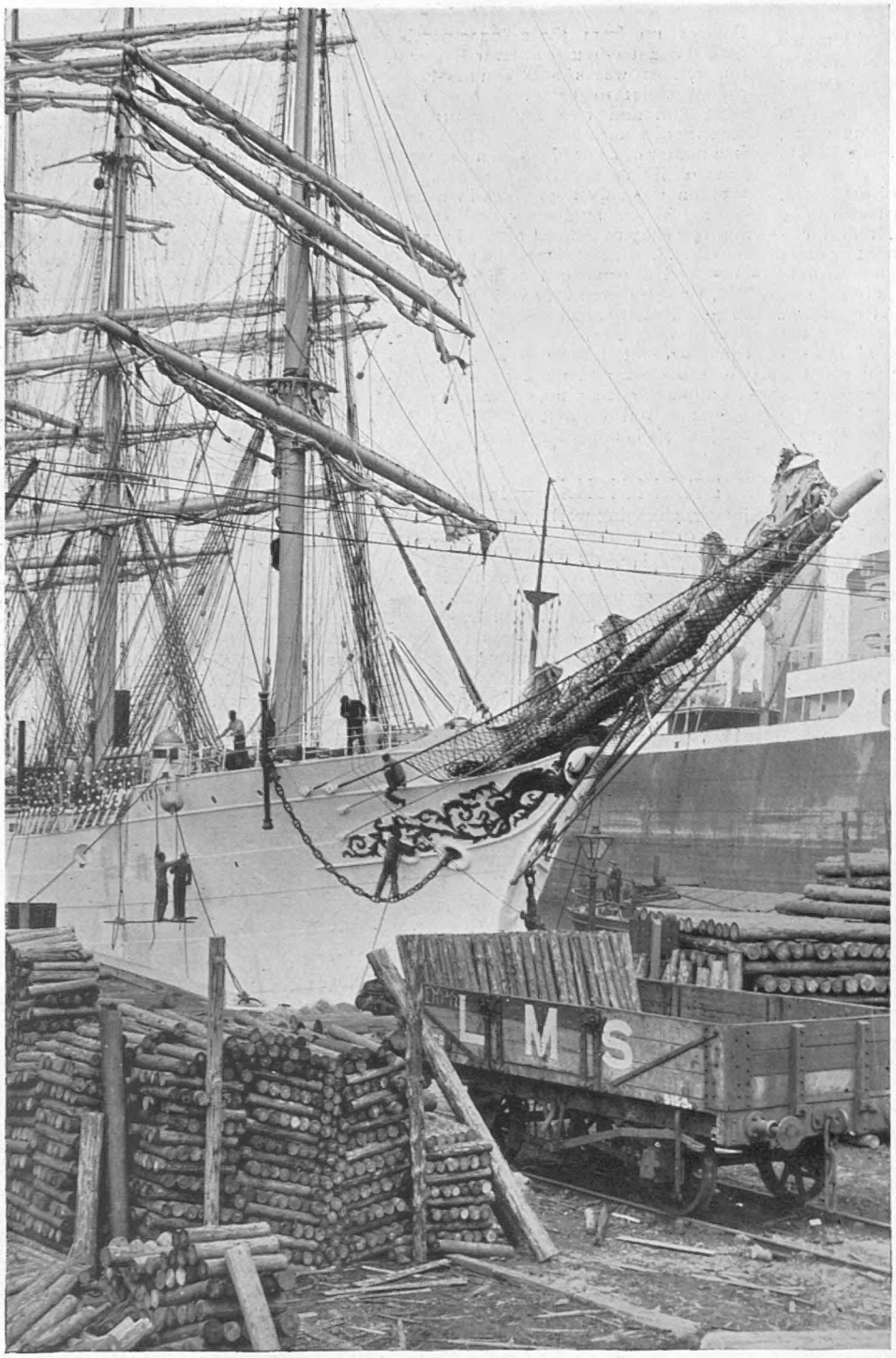
RECALLING THEIR GLORIOUS PAST: Members of the Honourable Artillery Company, the force descended from the Trained Bands of the City of London that fought for the cause of Parliament in the Civil War, rehearsing their pike drill prior to going to Huntingdon (Cromwell's birthplace) where they gave a recruiting display last Saturday. The H.A.C. occupies a place in the ranks of the Territorial Army analogous with that of the Guards in the regular service



BRITISH LEGION RALLY: The standards of the Eastern Area being borne towards the platform to be dedicated at last Sunday's gathering in the grounds of historic Hatfield House which was lent for the occasion by Lord and Lady Salisbury. Over 40,000 people attended in spite of the uncertain weather and there was a religious service, conducted by the Archdeacon of Huntingdon and the Rector of Hatfield, followed by a march past at which General Sir Herbert Lawrence took the salute

And she won more than a bare living from her poor trade. She won a golden philosophy and learned to treat "those two impostors"—success and failure—alike, with coolness and peerless dignity which I feel certain grew stronger and more serene from the years of privation. I know that her dignity always impressed me and the courage in her eyes heartened me perhaps 500 times. May the soil of Tooting lie light on once light-footed, and light-hearted Kate of Aldwych. The curtain has rung down on her last appearance. *La Comedia è finita.*

PICTORIAL NEWS



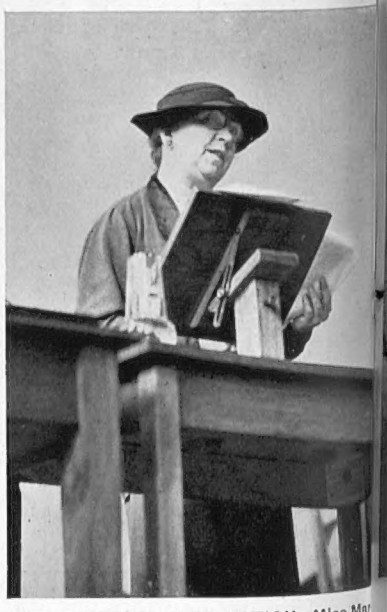
ONE OF FINLAND'S GRAIN RACERS: The four-masted steel barque *Viking*, a vessel of 2,670 tons, being repainted at Alexandra Docks, Hull, after discharging the cargo she had brought from Australia. The *Viking*, built in Denmark nearly thirty years ago and first used as a training ship, now belongs to Captain Erikson's sailing fleet and, so spacious is her accommodation, that she is able to take paying passengers as well as cargo on her journeys to and from the Antipodes

AMERICA'S "DUST BOWL": Drifts of soil almost completely engulfing a fence on a Kansas farm; a picture epitomising prevailing conditions in the corn belt where the combination of drought, dust storms, and wind erosion has caused thousands of families to vacate their devastated lands. These plains were once buffalo grazing grounds before man

KING CHARLES ADDRESSING THE PEOPLE OF NEWARK: An episode from the Newark pageant which is being held in the town this week the ancient castle which endured three sieges in the Civil War providing an appropriate background for the various scenes. An article on the history of the place appears on page 110 of this issue of "The Sphere"

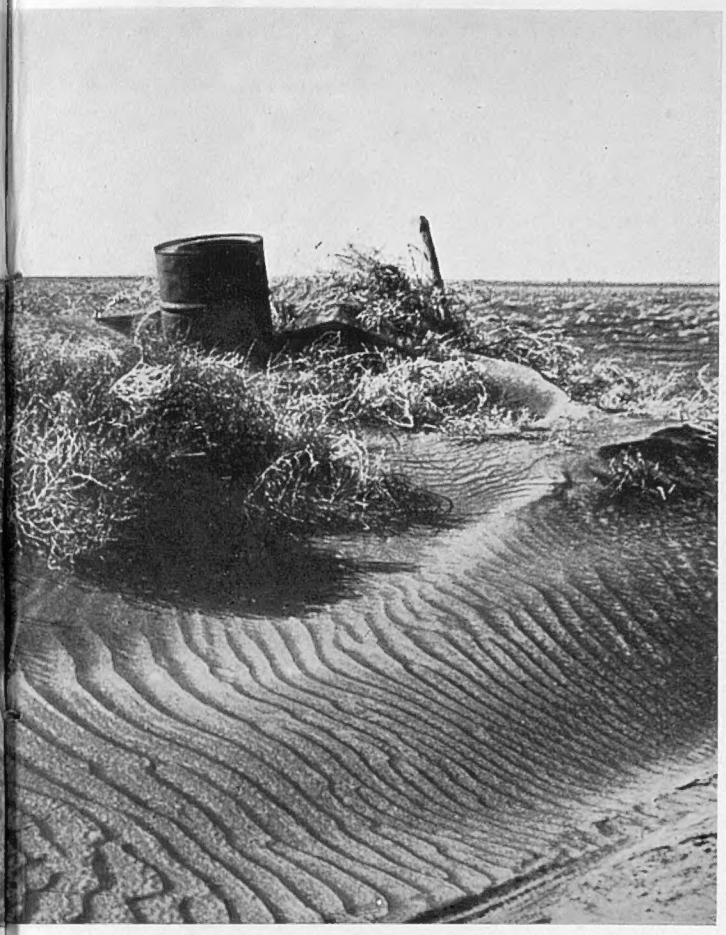
DEVASTATED AMERICA: A sketch map of the United States (where the recent heat wave was directly responsible for close on two thousand deaths) showing the positions of Wilkes Barre and Omaha towns which recorded temperatures of over 120 degrees. The drought included Mississippi, Alabama, the two Dakotas, Pennsylvania, and Nebraska, and in the corn belt the damage to crops has been overwhelming

FAMILY REUNION: Mr. Robert Rohme, with his wife and children at Dover after returning from Germany where he was imprisoned for 15 months on a charge of speaking slightingly of Hitler

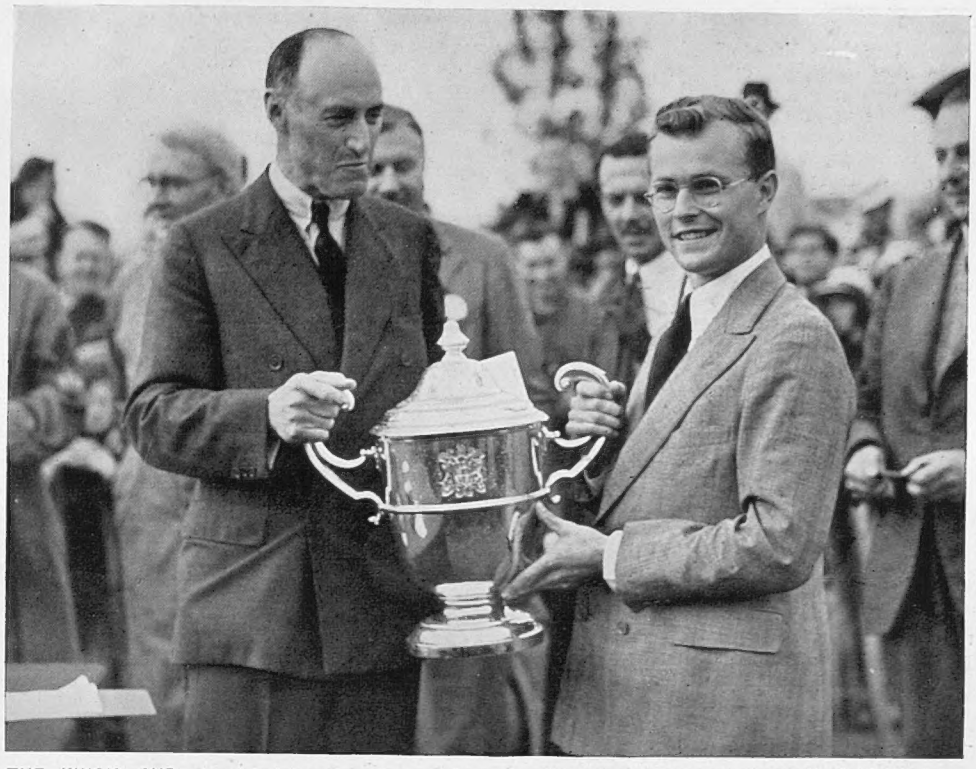


NATION SPEAKS UNTO NATION: Miss Margaret Rich, a United States delegate addressing the first session of the International Conference on Social Work after it had been opened at Guildhall

SURVEY: A Record of Events at Home and Abroad



pushed in and made them one of the great granaries of the earth, and the real cause of the present trouble is over cultivation; constant ploughing for the wheat crop making the earth as loose as sand. So long as rainfall was normal it was kept from blowing about, but now there is an alarming prospect that parts of the Middle West will revert to desert

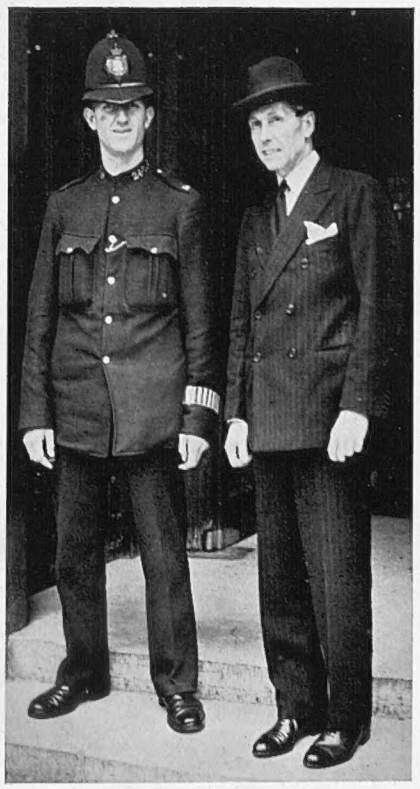


THE KING'S CUP: Lord Swinton, Secretary of State for Air, presenting the trophy to Mr. C. E. Gardner after his victory in last Saturday's air race, when he flew the Percival Vega Gull, entered by Sir Connop Guthrie. The contest was thrilling in the extreme, in spite of adverse weather conditions, and at the finish Mr. Gardner was only about two miles ahead of Flight-Lieutenant Rose, last year's winner, who very nearly overhauled him in his Miles Hawk. The Duke of Kent's entry was fourth

RETURN OF A VETERAN: Sixty-three-year-old Mathilde Kchesinska (right), at one time prima ballerina assoluta of the Imperial Ballet, St. Petersburg, and intimate friend of the late Czar, receiving a bouquet from Tatiana Riabouchinska on arrival at Victoria Station before appearing in last Tuesday's special performance at Covent Garden

AN UNLUCKY START: Mechanics inspecting the damaged wing of the *Monospar Croydon*, the machine in which Lord Sempill, Mr. H. Wood (co-pilot), Mr. P. Gilroy (wireless operator), and Mr. L. Davies (engineer) set out from Hanworth last week in an attempt to fly to Melbourne in three-and-a-half days. On reaching Vienna ahead of schedule they discovered the cracks in the fabric and accordingly returned home for repairs. They stated they would make a fresh start

THE INTERNATIONAL TRADES UNION CONGRESS: M. Mertens (Belgium) and Herr van Loo (Holland) who attended the opening at Holborn Restaurant where 22 countries were represented



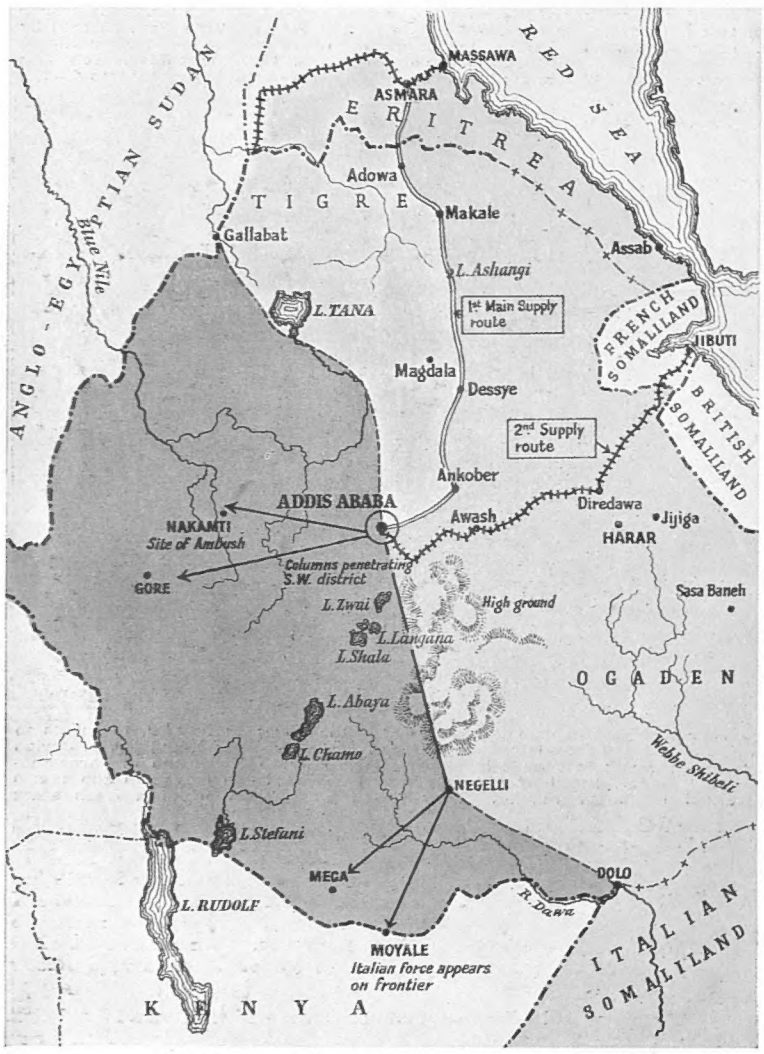
MR. THOMAS'S SUCCESSOR: Mr. Noel-Baker, who won Derby in the by-election caused by the resignation of the Colonial Secretary from Parliament, arriving at the House to take his seat

QUEEN MARIE OF RUMANIA, who is on a private visit to this country; the Archduke Anton of Habsburg, her son-in-law; the four-year-old Archduke Stephan and the 2½ year old Archduchess Marie-Ileana, her grandchildren; pictured during a visit this week to Sir Tyrwhitt Drake's private zoo at Coltree Manor, near Maidstone. Queen Marie now has six grandchildren, including Peter II, the boy monarch of Yugoslavia

POLAND AS A MARITIME NATION: Many thousands of people recently flocked to Warsaw for the celebrations in connection with the Sea Defence League, an organisation which has as its object the collection of funds from the public for the development and defence of Poland's eighty mile strip of coastline. In honour of the occasion and to aid the League's exchequer Jan Kiepura, the film-star singer, gave his services free and he is seen in the left-hand picture rendering one of his popular songs in Pilsudski Square, outside the Foreign Office, before giving an indoor performance at the Philharmonic. Both events attracted vast and enthusiastic audiences. *Above*—The Inspector General of the Army taking the salute at a march past of young delegates from the provinces

Conquered but Unpacified Abyssinia

How the Italians Are Setting About the Task of Creating Order in Their New Colony



ETHIOPIA TO-DAY: A sketch map showing (dark shaded area) the western portion of the country which the Italians are now engaged in penetrating for the first time and where they have already met with a certain amount of unorganised opposition, notably at Nakamti where four air force officers were recently ambushed and massacred. The arrows indicate the Italian line of advance and it will be seen that in the south-west they have reached Moyale on the Kenya frontier, a Customs post of some importance

NOBODY expected it would be easy to pacify Abyssinia. The Italians themselves did not expect it. Shortly before the war started an Italian staff officer in Eritrea told me it would take three years to conquer the enemy and twenty to subdue him. One estimate has been proved wrong, so perhaps the other was false too. The Abyssinians could not stand up to a modern army even with every natural advantage to aid them. They may not be so difficult to rule as is generally imagined. But were their lawlessness as much exaggerated as their power of resistance, it would not be in one year, or in five, that complete order could be established.

In the circumstances it is rather surprising that so little fighting has been reported. The explanation, perhaps, is that such news is not allowed to transpire. A complete censorship reigns in Addis Ababa, and apart from the officially inspired and approved messages of the Italian correspondents, the outside world depends on the hearsay which filters across the frontier. But it may also be that the population are waiting to see what is going to happen to them before determining their attitude to the new masters. At all events there is as yet no convincing evidence of any large scale operations against the Italians. Attacks have occurred, bandits are numerous, but of organised revolt no sign has appeared.

It must be remembered, of course, that a large part of the country still remains to be occupied. The greatest difficulties may be met at a later stage, when tribes which have hitherto evaded the Italian advance are forced to fight or make their submission. At present the Italians are posted at certain points and along certain lines, between which there are necessarily tracts of land still "uncombed." The immediate influence of the garrison at Addis Ababa, for instance, does not extend probably for more than twenty-five miles in any direction. From the capital northward runs the road along which the conquerors advanced, and as this is still the main communication with their base, it is naturally well protected all the way, with strong posts at Dessye, Lake Ashangi, and Makale.

Westward of this line there are important garrisons at Debra Tabot, at either end of Lake Tana, and as far as Gallabat on the Sudanese boundary. The country north of these places, including the important province of Tigré, has been longest of any in Italian hands, and has presumably, therefore, advanced furthest on the path of "pacification." In the south-east too, especially in the Ogaden, there is a considerable organisation, with Harar, Jijiga, and Diredawa, on the railway, as the strategical and administrative centres. If you except the Danakil country, an almost desert region inhabited by savages, the Italians might be said to be loosely in control of all country to the east of a line drawn roughly from Gallabat to the southern extremity of Lake Tana, thence to Addis Ababa, and extended southward from the capital to Moyale on the Kenya frontier.

This is a large area, but it leaves still to be accounted for an almost equally large area to the west of Addis Ababa. It is here that the Italians are now engaged in what is to them hitherto unpenetrated country. It is here apparently that certain untoward incidents have occurred and that trouble may still be encountered. Columns have been pushed out fan-wise from the capital and are reported to be making cautious progress. One is advancing on Gore, capital of the Wallega province and supposed seat of the Provisional Ethiopian Government. This body, which was appointed by the Emperor after his flight, is still, theoretically, resisting the invader, but what authority it exercises and of what resistance it is capable are both unknown quantities.

Farther to the north another column is following a roughly northwesterly direction, while in the extreme south an expedition starting from Negelli has reached the Kenya border at Moyale. Moyale, which appears to be a town spreading an either side of the frontier, was occupied on July 1 after fighting had occurred near Mega. It is an important place from the point of view of trade and its possession will enable the Italians to keep a watch on the transit of men and arms across the frontier. The authorities on the British side, who have had trouble for years with Abyssinian raiders, are understood to be much relieved. The region is also said to be rich in platinum aud gold deposits.

On July 8, the Italians sustained a serious loss when four air force officers, including a General and an "ace," were ambushed and massacred by tribesmen at Nakamti, about 150 miles due west of Addis Ababa. The sole survivor of the disaster, a priest, escaped to tell the tale, and Italian planes were immediately sent out to bomb the offending villages. This is the only "accident" to which any prominence has been given, but it serves to show how little safe is that part of the country. While it remains so there can be no question of settlement. The Italians will occupy strategic points, equipping them with wireless stations and aerodromes. By this means and with the help of the ubiquitous bombers big concentrations of armed men can generally be anticipated and dispersed, as the guerilla bands were during the military operations.

Meanwhile the Italians are wasting no time in making plans for their eventual colonisation of Abyssinia, when and as the conditions permit. Their recent note to Geneva, stressing the civilising side of their task and offering to keep the League informed of its progress, gave some idea of their aims. On June 9, it stated, there was an important submission of civil and religious authorities in Addis Ababa, including the Abuna (the Coptic Primate) and several former ministers, all of whom swore the oath of allegiance to the King of Italy, Emperor of Abyssinia. On June 16, were issued in Rome the first decrees for the economic development of the country, and on July 8 it was announced that jobs would be found there for 100,000 soldiers. How it will all work out it is still too soon to say.

G. A. Martelli

A STORM-SWEPT LORD'S

Personalities at the Eton and Harrow Match

"WITH THEIR MATERS": *Left*—Lady Plunket and her son arriving for the match which was sadly cut short by a series of violent storms. *Right*—Lady Warrender, who wore a dark blue coat and a pale blue blouse (the colours of both schools) walking arm-in-arm with one of her three children

AFTER THE DELUGE: Spectators holding on to their filmy frocks to prevent their trailing in the mud. A dismal aspect of this year's "Lord's," which the weather robbed of much of its enjoyment both as a social function and as a sporting event. On both days a large number of the younger people courageously wore their best clothes, only to have the mortification of seeing them spoilt

AN ETONIAN GALLANT sheltering his companion from the rain which prevented play on a large part of the first and nearly all the second day. Only one innings was completed, Harrow being dismissed for the moderate total of 180

THE EARL OF DURHAM walking to the ground with his son, the Hon. Antony Claud Lambton

LORD EDWARD HAY, brother and heir presumptive of the Marquess of Tweeddale, accompanied by one of his daughters. He was at Eton

On right—YOUNG ENTHUSIASTS arriving at Lord's where, such was their interest in the match, they went immediately on reaching London. Hence the suitcases

PAN-GERMANIC PACT

Hitler, Mussolini, and Schuschnigg Make the Latest Move on the Middle-European Chessboard — The New Agreement Explained

LAST Saturday Herr Hitler, by arrangement with Signor Mussolini sprung a new surprise on Europe. In three-minute broadcasts over the Berlin and Vienna wireless systems Dr. Goebbels and Herr von Schuschnigg, respectively, announced that Germany and Austria had buried the hatchet and would henceforth frame their policies in consciousness of their common Germanic destiny. Europe was thus left to draw the conclusion that the pre-war German-Austrian-Italian Triple Alliance had been reconstructed in a new form.

On the surface it looks like a success for Herr Schuschnigg and Signor Mussolini, for, on paper, most of the concessions have been made by Germany.

Germany agrees to recognise Austria's independence and to call off Nazi propaganda for the *Anschluss*. Austria continues to prohibit the Austrian Nazi party, and only agrees to permit individual Nazis to co-operate with the government through membership of the official Austrian Government organisation, the *Vaterlandische Front*. Thus, ostensibly, Austria maintains her independence, and enable Germany to answer the British questionnaire with deeds instead of words, and solve the Austrian problem within the Germanic family, thus leaving Germany a free hand to deal with Eastern Europe, the Russian question, and those other problems of *Auslandsdeutschtum* such as Danzig and the Sudeten Germans of Czechoslovakia.

The Radical Nazi extremists, led by Dr. Goebbels, resisted these ideas, and von Papen's negotiations in Vienna were on the point of breaking down when Herr Hitler, hitherto in favour of the Radical view, finally decided to accept the advice of the Moderates. What finally decided him was the knowledge that Signor Mussolini, anxious to confront the "sanctionist" Powers with a new European line-up, was ready to bargain an Austrian settlement against Italo-German co-operation on major European questions. Thus Berlin and Rome have been able to present the rest of Europe with a united front on the very eve of the Locarno Powers Conference which, due to take place in Brussels at the end of this month, may now in consequence have to be indefinitely postponed.

BIG THREE: Chancellor Hitler, Colonel-General Göring, and Marshal von Blomberg at a recent review in Berlin. The two first named are being credited with a distinct diplomatic success as a result of the Austro-German settlement, although on paper most of the concessions would appear to have been made by Germany

Italy still has a buffer State between herself and the German Reich.

Actually, the position is otherwise. Signor Mussolini has obtained only a short-range, or tactical success. Austria, at best, obtains a breathing space. The long range, or strategic triumph is Herr Hitler's. For Germany, at the sacrifice only of the letter of Nazi ideology, has obtained the reality of the *Anschluss* as far as German and Austrian policy towards the rest of Europe is concerned. For she has detached Austria from the international sphere, and for all practical purposes converted her into the *Ostmark* of the Germanic bloc. And this must eventually create a situation the very opposite to either the Dollfuss conception of Austria's individual mission, or the Duce's conception of Austria as part of a Danubian grouping under Italian aegis.

This was the argument of those German elements, such as General Göring, the Reichswehr chiefs, Baron von Neurath, and Herr von Papen, the German Minister in Vienna, who urged Herr Hitler to sacrifice the shadow of Nazi theory for the substance of German-Austrian cooperation. Austria, they said, would more effectively carry out the German mission, as a "second German State", working willingly in the closest harmony with the Reich, than as a mere province of Germany, unwillingly reduced to the status of "Gau 16" of the German National Socialist party organisation.

Moreover, in their view, such a settlement would

Both Germany and Italy felt the Austrian compromise to be a price well worth paying for the constitution of a revisionist bloc from the Baltic to the Balkans. And Austria herself, failing in her quest for friends elsewhere, had no option but to make the best bargain possible with Germany.

This settlement may not satisfy the Nazi purists. In the same way the German-Polish settlement was unpopular with German nationalists. But Herr Hitler, once convinced that the end justified the means, went through with the reconciliation with Poland, and the same applies now with Austria.

Behind all this, of course, is the conviction that time is on the side of Germany. Herr von Schuschnigg is a stronger man than many suppose, and he is sincerely devoted to the preservation of "Austrianism." Nevertheless it is felt in Berlin that what violent *putschist* methods failed to achieve in Austria will eventually be achieved by "peaceful penetration" and infiltration. The co-operation of the "nationally minded Austrians" (another term for Nazis) in the Vaterlandische Front, will, so Berlin thinks, be a case of a Nazi wooden horse of Troy within the Austrian citadel.

This coincides with the view expressed to me by a Nazi leader in Vienna a little while back, to the effect that there might be a nominally independent Austria working in the closest harmony with National Socialist Germany, and sharing a common foreign, political, cultural, and economic policy.

Probably the majority of Austrians will welcome the settlement because even non-Nazis disliked the previous Italian backing of the regime and were wearied of the feud with Germany.

In any case the agreement will radically alter the balance in Central and South Eastern Europe. For Germany, already politically influential with Italy's Hungarian ally, and economically predominant in the Balkans, will now, with the Austrian settlement, secure the key to the Danube. In a word, she now obtains without fighting what she failed to achieve through the great war, the establishment of a German-controlled *Mitteleuropa*.

The new situation bids fair to isolate Czechoslovakia and to create new problems for the Little Entente. In the long run, however, the weight of the new German *Drang nach Osten* and *Drang nach Suden* will fall on the Brenner. It is for these reasons that I stated, earlier in this article, that while the German-Austrian settlement may be an immediate success for Italy, it must inevitably be a final and conclusive success for Germany.

C. A. Melville

ALL EYES ON MITTELEUROPA: A sketch map showing the positions of the countries affected by the new pact. Austria continues to act as a buffer State between Italy and Germany, but the three nations, temporarily in agreement, form a potentially formidable central European bloc

SPONSORING THE NEW EUROPEAN LINE-UP: Signor Mussolini who supports the Austro-German pact as he is desirous that Berlin and Rome should present a united front on the eve of the Locarno Powers Conference

HIS FAVOURITE RESIDENCE: An aerial view of Fort Belvedere, which is situated near Virginia Water and about seven miles from Windsor, where the King frequently goes at week ends and where probably he feels most at home. The estate, which belongs to the Crown and dates from the time of George II, has been considerably improved of recent years. It possesses a roofed-in squash racquets court and an open-air swimming pool which is seen in greater detail in the picture on the right

FORT BELVEDERE

His Majesty's Country Retreat Viewed from the Clouds and the Riviera House he has Taken for his Holiday

THE KING'S VACATION: The Château de L'Horizon at Golfe Juan, between Juan les Pins and Cannes, which has been taken by His Majesty and where he is expected to go after inaugurating the Canadian War Memorial at Vimy Ridge on July 26. The place is owned by Miss Maxine Elliot, the American actress, having been built to her design about five years ago at a cost of £80,000. The most outstanding features are the shady balcony windows and the swimming pool with a water chute leading to the sea. This will be the first time for years that a reigning British monarch has had a holiday abroad

ROYAL ROUND

The King with the Life Guards and with the Air Force; Two Important Inspections in a Crowded Week

WINDSOR REVIEW: The King, wearing the frock coat and blue cap of the undress uniform of the regiment, riding on to the parade ground in the Great Park before carrying out his inspection of the Life Guards. The event drew a vast concourse of spectators to the park, among them being 5,000 schoolchildren who had been granted a holiday for the occasion

THE KING AND THE DUKE OF YORK, during their visit to Northolt. They were wearing smoked glasses and the new field service caps

THE EXPERT EYE: His Majesty examining the cockpit of the new Westland Army Co-operation machine at Martlesham Heath, the Aeroplane and Armament Experimental Establishment included in his tour of the R.A.F. stations, during the course of which he saw some of the recent inventions which will so increase the efficiency of Britain's Air Force in the next twelve months

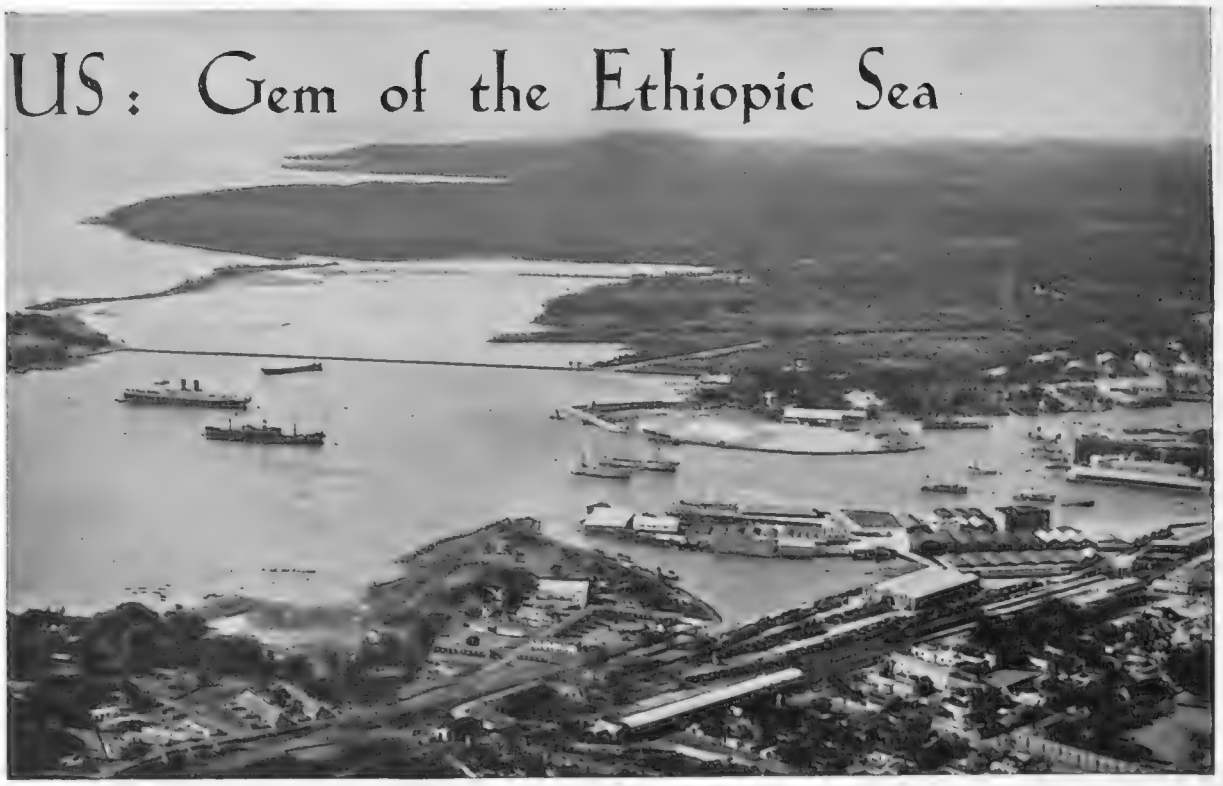
□

LIGHTNING TOUR: On Wednesday of last week the King and the Duke of York flew 310 miles on an eight-hour journey of inspection of four R.A.F. stations, using for the purpose His Majesty's own private plane—a D.H. Dragon Rapide piloted by Flight-Lieutenant E. H. Fielden, and gaining during the day a first-hand knowledge of the equipment of the expanded Air Force. The third stop was at Mildenhall where, as depicted on left, the Royal brothers saw the Heyford heavy bombers of Nos. 99 and 38 Squadrons and the Hind diving bombers. At Northolt (*above*) they witnessed a display of flight-aerobatics by three Gauntlet 'planes

RIDING THROUGH WINDSOR AT THE HEAD OF THE LIFE GUARDS: The King, accompanied by the Earl of Athlone (extreme left), the new Colonel of the Regiment, as he led the men back to their headquarters at Combermere Barracks following last week's review. His Majesty's recent inspections of Foot Guards have been held at their own barracks, but, as cavalry on parade need considerable elbow room, the scene on this occasion was the big parade ground in Windsor Great Park

MAURITIUS: Gem of the Ethiopic Sea

A Resident Describes the Wonders of this Isle of Plenty that has had Such a Stirring History



PORT LOUIS: Looking down on the harbour of the commercial and legislative capital of Mauritius, a town of over 50,000 inhabitants in a glorious sub-tropical setting. Most of the island's white residents live inland at Curepipe

A SUN-DRENCHED island, clad in verdure, with sparkling ribbons of silver cascade; in size and shape—36 miles by 24, and a pear; the surround a dazzling coral reef and the lapis lazuli of the Southern Indian Ocean. This is Mauritius, the most beautiful island in the broad world-encircling band of the tropics—where the degrees are longest.

Mauritius, Gem of the Ethiopic Sea of the Ancients, Golden Isle of Sugar, Home of the Dodo, and shuttlecock of history. It has been Portuguese; Dutch twice; as often abandoned to the Maroons (released Madagascar slaves gone to the pack), French, and now is British, or, to be more precise, a French island governed by the British.

There is evidence that the Isle was known to the Phoenician seamen of Necko, twenty-fifth-dynasty king of Egypt, when they circumnavigated the African Continent some 700 years before the commencement of the Christian era, and it was certainly known, by the name of Dina Robin, to the Arabs many centuries before it was discovered by Mascarenha's ships in 1503 or 1505.

It is a volcanic island, with different dates of emergence, as the strata show, the last one being tip-tilted. This occurred, perhaps, 15,000 years ago, though a small island off the North end, Coin de Mire, came up less than a thousand years ago, as a true water-worn cave, showing as yet no signs of weather erosion, though plenty of boulder scars some 50 ft. above sea-level, plainly indicates.

The volcanoes are extinct, and their craters lakes, the source of the island's water supply. The soil is rich, producing sugar equal to the world's best, also a fine crop of stones, large boulders, which work their way to the surface, from 6 ft. down, in about as many years; tumuli are here in their many thousands, some of them the work of the seventeenth-century Dutch settlers.

The views of the Island, with the folds of the coast, are nothing less than superb, and no point in the country is more than ten minutes by car from an exquisite glimpse of scenery; the roads are equal to anything the world has to offer, so travel is pleasant and easy.

The French have been here since the commencement of the 18th century, and one of their Governors was Mahe de Labourdonnais, one of the most remarkable men the world has seen; a soldier, a sailor, a far-sighted administrator, a civil engineer, a town-planner, and—something of a saint. He it was who made Port-Louis; laid all its main streets (marked by many gardens) open to the South-east, for the trade winds to cleanse the town throughout ten months of the year; cut the first harbour out of the coral; introduced sugar and seventy odd varieties of fruit, more than that of vegetables, and laid the beginnings of something more than 2,000 species of flowers—and then got thrown into the Bastille for three years. The bi-centenary of this remarkable man was celebrated last year, in a most felicitous manner, it does one good to relate.

For two centuries this Golden Isle was a resort of pirates, by reason of its strategic position, lying as it does, athwart the Ophir treasure-route from the opulent Orient to the Cape of Storms and Europe. Later, by the same reason, it was the headquarters of the altogether unspeakable privateersmen—the scum of the seas. Three million pounds' worth of booty was brought into it by these sea-wolves, who fought only with a loaded side, in a single year during the Napoleonic wars. Many a tale has the Isle had to tell of buried treasure, and the end may not be yet; there still may be a pot of gold at the foot of the Isle's every rainbow.

There are a thousand interesting features in this little cosmos, and its history. In the forests of this peak of a huge submarine mountain only in the wide world there lived the dodo, that flightless pigeon running to 80 lb. in weight that has been extinct since the mid-seventeenth century. Here, in the late eighteenth, there lived the man, Henri Bottineau, "Wizard of Mauritius," who over a period of twenty-three years sighted every ship (some 480 odd) that came to the Island, and many which passed, while all were yet from 100 to 400 miles distant, and never once was falsified.

There is, to-day, the world's choicest collection of coloured earths, Les Côtes de Melon, an area of some seven acres set amid the Black River Mountains where in forty ridges (the slices) may be seen as many colours and shades, varying from light yellow to bright red, purple, and lamp black. On these seven acres nothing will grow; the soil is a friable volcanic ash, devoid of all organic matter, having no nitrogen, only a little lime, potash, and phosphoric acid, with a great proportion of iron and alumina; the phenomenon is unique. The Island's history is enriched by the fact that Flinders, "the Great Denominator," in that he was the only man down the long aisles of time since the birth of man to name a continent—"I call the whole land Australia," was here kept a prisoner for eight years, and was released, only to die, in his fortieth year, when the island was taken from the French in 1810.

And the climate of this intriguing Isle?—in the cyclone season, the first three months of the year, it is everything it ought not to be, though salamanders with water and fire-proof lungs seem to like it; in spring and autumn it is delightful, and over the winter months perfect; the Riviera (with no wish to be unkind) comes a bad second.

From the climate to the people—and thorny ground; there are here some 5,000 whites and near-whites, neither inferior to the other. All are intellectual, with distinct evidences of culture, while the same may be said of the 50,000 or so Creoles, in whose veins there runs some of France's best blood, and who as skilful artisans and craftsmen are hard to beat, and who also are, perhaps, the most law-abiding people in the world, their crowds are certainly the most orderly. At a recent evening band audition (a first-class military band is one of the Island's chief amenities) which attracted 6,000 people there was one policeman on duty, the same being a sinecure. We now come to the great majority, the people who have made the country what it is—300,000 Indian agriculturists, than whom there are no better in the world. They are inarticulate, by reason of their position, but without them there would be no sugar, the country's only industry. It is interesting to conjecture as to how long they will remain inarticulate; their mother country is now a nation in the making, and its absent sons will not for ever accept a condition inferior to the one they would enjoy in their own country—so much may be taken as read. It is worthy of mention, though, that these "estate labourers" receive what is beyond doubt the best treatment any such in the world receive, and this the planters may rightly urge in their own favour when they reach the gate of heaven, Peter will listen to it, and doubtless allot them full marks. There are Chinese here also, a deal of the retail trade is in their hands (so too is most of the illicit grog distilling) and they are ideal shopkeepers. The rest of the retail trade is in the hands of Indian Muslims in the ascendancy, and they too are great traders, and an important part of the community.

And what is the position of the Briton in this land, where even the proceedings of the Council of Government are conducted in the French language? With very few exceptions he is a Government official, or a soldier—here for a term only. He is, as may be expected, in the lead in games, sport, and entertainments.

And the entertainments; what are they? The games—a little mountaineering, stag-shooting in the season; deep-sea fishing, of the best; seaside encampments; racing, of course; elaborate funerals and, in a lesser degree, weddings; and the cinema. That is about all. A generation ago the land was a sportsman's paradise—game-birds of a dozen kinds, of which to-day there is not one. At that time there were snakes in the land, and about three deaths per year because of them, and it was proposed by some individual or individuals, who, incidentally, had nothing but bone from ear to ear, and who should at an early stage have been quietly taken away and dealt with, to introduce the mongoose to exterminate the snake. This was done, and the snakes went; so, too, did the game-birds, which, with their eggs, were for the mongoose—just the very medicine the doctor ordered.

Cyclones from time to time cause immense damage and loss of life on occasions, formerly three to five would sweep the island in a season, but now they are less frequent, two seasons have passed without a single one (yes, we are touching wood—in Creole "Touche di bois") when they do come, though, they are the real goods, and yet, paradoxically enough, life would not be possible here without them, for they are the greatest purifying element known in Nature, they clear out the stable all right, and incidentally, believe it or not, fertilise the soil and put sugar in the cane, to the extent of some 300,000 tons per crop, which is by way of being a record, as is also the cost of production, for this is admittedly the lowest in the world, an indication that the "sugar barons" are up to their job.

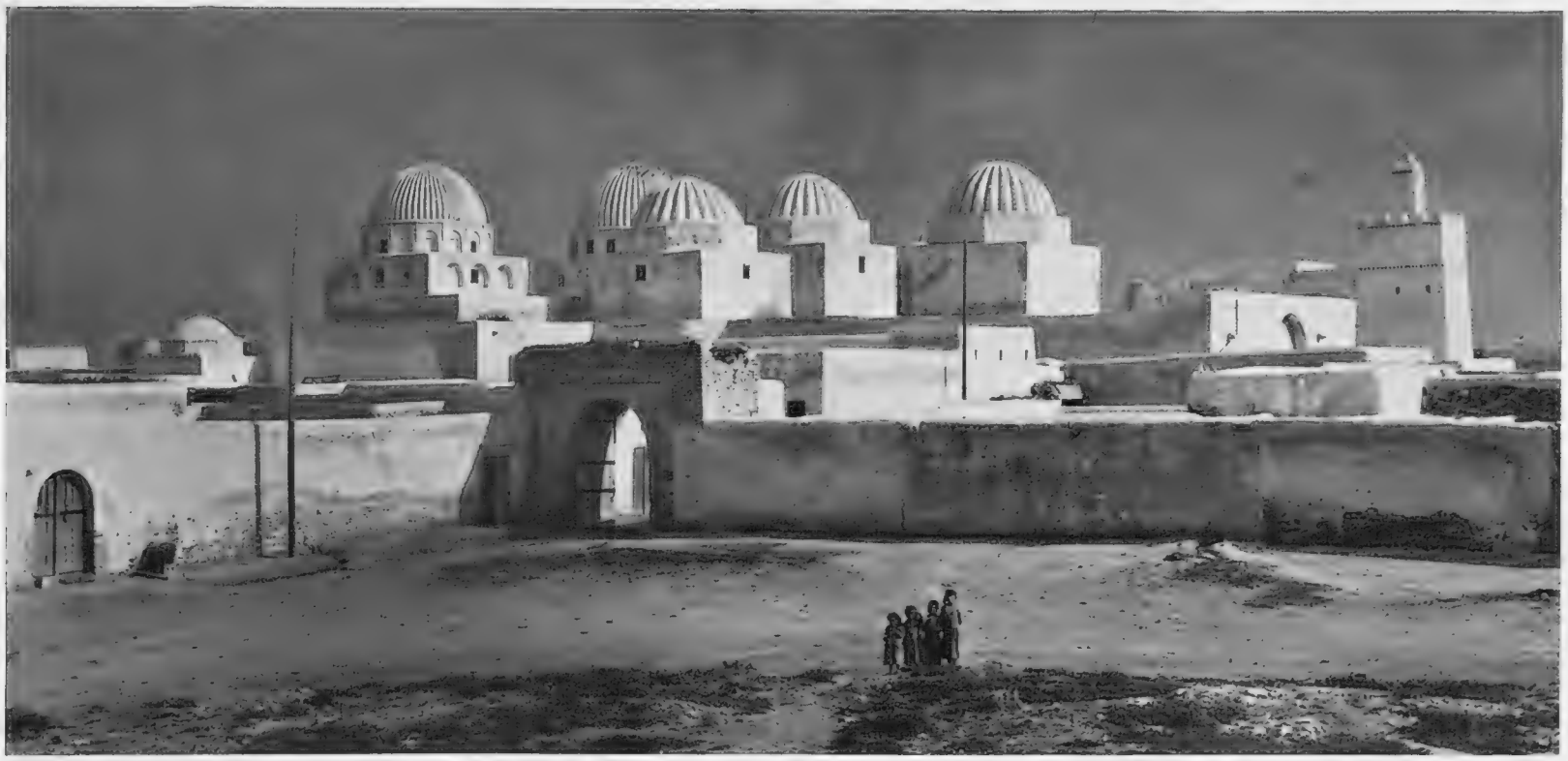
This large crop was formerly taken away by a fine fleet of sailing ships. At one time 168 of these vessels owned Port Louis as a port of registry; to-day, with the exception of a three-masted schooner-scow and a few small coasting sugar-schooners, there is not a single one of the fleet in existence, and the crop is lifted, 10,000 tons in a parcel, by English steamers—*Ichabod*, thy glory has departed.

And the cost and standard of living in this Island of milk and honey, both are low, the latter because of the world's overproduction of sugar, and the late depression, the former because the land *is* flowing with milk and honey. Meat, imported, is round about 7d.–8d. per metric lb., placing it largely out of the reach of very many, but vegetables, in season, are sold at the door at as low as 1 cent per lb., 5½ lb. for 1d. Sometimes bread-fruit, which melts in the mouth when cooked, may be bought at the rate of 10 or 12 lb. for 1d., while lychees, most delicious fruit known to the world, may often be bought at the rate of twenty for 1d., mangoes, 2 lb. in weight sometimes, at five for 1d., and papaia 10 lb. in weight, rather an outsize, for less than 1d.–5 cents, while 10 lb. pineapples, again an outsize, have been sold for 2d. each. Rice the staple item of food for the vast majority costs 1½d. per lb.; sugar the same. Taxes are low; the finest of taxis on the Place d'Armes, 1937 models, will take and bring one back twenty miles each way, for 5s. 4d.; if you cannot pay your rent this month—well you can pay it next month, or flit by moonlight.

If any country in this dear old world of ours has more to offer one would like to hear of it. Incidentally, it supports something more than 400 people per square mile, which also is by way of being a record.

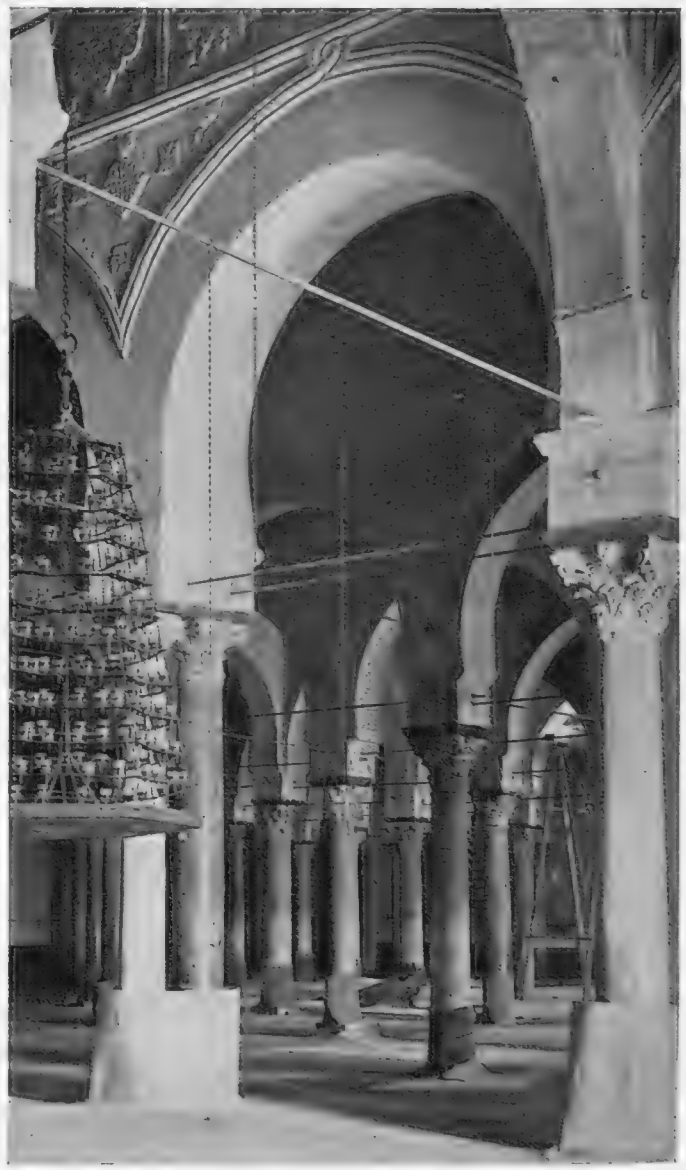
Cappy Ricks

THE MOSQUES OF KAIROUAN: The Holy City of Tunis and the Ancient Buildings which are Its Pride and Glory



THE MOSQUE OF SABRES: An impressive view of the most beautiful of the buildings that lend distinction to this holy city in French North Africa; a city which remains to-day, as in the past, a centre of religious and ecclesiastical life. The mosque is the only one in Kairouan that lays no claim to antiquity, having been built in the last century as a tomb for Emir Abada, the eccentric Marabout who seems to have owed his prestige to his questionable sanity and to the generous patronage of the then reigning Bey. One of his hobbies was making gargantuan swords

STREET SCENE: An old archway in Kairouan, the city which has always been regarded by the people as the religious capital of Tunis. "It is a place glowing with colour, scintillating with light, and teeming with Oriental life," wrote Graham Petrie, the artist and traveller.



WHERE THE FAITHFUL FORGATHER: Roman pillars in the Grand Mosque, which, as it now stands, dates from A.D. 821, and is built on the site of the original mosque erected by Sidi Okbah at the time of the foundation of Kairouan 150 years earlier. Primarily, of course, it is a place of prayer, but attached to it is a college, supported by funds bequeathed by rich, childless people

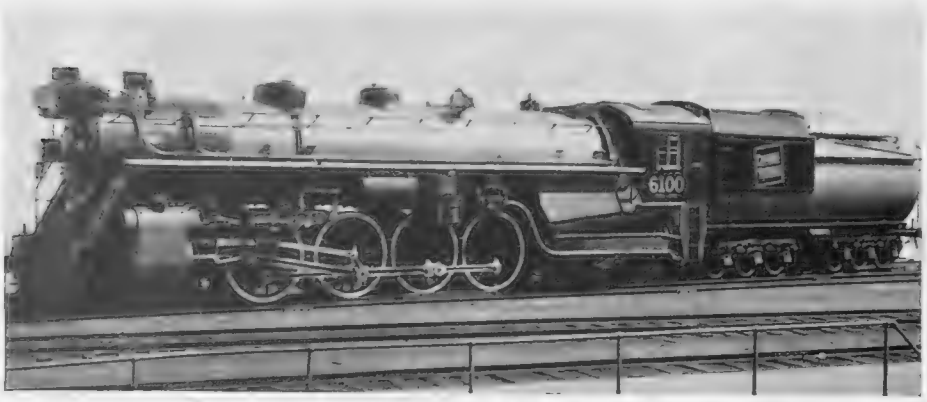
IN A NEW GUISE: No. 6400 of the Canadian National coast to coast service, which is claimed to be the world's largest class of streamlined locomotive. In general plan it conforms to the usual transcontinental type, the main difference being the addition of an outer casing within which are enclosed the smokestack, the warning bell, and part of the exterior piping

Streamlined Giants of the "Road"

New Locomotives in Canada and the United States

The Canadian National Railways, owned by the people of Canada; the Railway with the longest mileage in the world, and the world's most powerful locomotives, has now started to streamline its fast transcontinental locomotive giants. Locomotive 6400 has rolled out of the Montreal shops to pound the rails which cross a Continent. Canadian locomotives are never named, but are marked by class, the 6400 applying to all locomotives of that type and power. They must combine tremendous power with great speed. The 6400 has 77-in. driving wheels to give her speed and eight of them to give power and traction. She is of the 4-8-4 type, with a twelve-wheel tank tender. The old order on Canadian railways was that a locomotive was good for a 100-mile fast run, by which time she was ready for the round-house to be cleaned and re-fired. Now the swift giants take 300 miles or more in their stride.

Canadian railway trackage has been modernised also. On the main line runs a necklace of emerald lights stretches mile after mile across the Continent, each a mile apart and each visible before the last one has been passed. If the fierce winter frosts crack a rail, the emerald detective knows it and flashes red. Whenever the light is green the mile of track ahead is clear. The system depends not on signalmen pulling levers, but is electrical throughout.



A DISUSED ACCESSORY: The cowcatcher on Canadian trains is no longer an essential, but it is still fitted to the standard types, and even in the streamlined model at the top of this page it is present in a modified form. *On left*—Another giant C.N.R. engine. It uses coal on the prairie runs and oil in the Rockies

EVOLUTION OF STREAMLINING: Four engines of the Pennsylvania railroad illustrating the standard type of locomotive which is still in operation, and three newer models representing phases in the development of methods of reducing wind resistance. The monster in the foreground, which has only recently been completed at the Company's Altoona works, is intended for fast passenger service and is capable of hauling full length trains at a speed in excess of the maximum provided for in the time tables. The details of construction were worked out in a wind tunnel in the laboratory of New York University, clay models being used so that contours could be altered immediately following each test. An interesting feature of the outer casing is a device modelled on the principle of an aeroplane wing and employed for deflecting the smoke above the cab, thus giving the driver and fireman an uninterrupted view of the line ahead

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THE GIANT FLOATING DOCK AT SOUTHAMPTON, which can take vessels of over 60,000 tons, and is the largest of its kind in the world, was the subject of discussion when Mr. Oswald Pirow, South African Defence Minister, recently arrived in London, and it is reported that it may be purchased by the Union Government and towed to Cape Town, where extensive harbour improvements are projected. The dock is owned by the Southern Railway, but became redundant in 1934 on the completion of the much larger King George V graving dock

Engineering Wonders

Southampton Dock for South Africa?—Preparing for the New Channel Train Ferry

(*On left*)—HIGH SPEED BUILDING: Exactly a week was the scheduled time for the erection of this silo seen here in course of construction at Dunstable Cement Works. It is entirely of concrete and the material was passed up through the centre of the towers to the workmen on the wooden scaffolding which was so arranged that it could be raised every few minutes in order to keep pace with the building's rapid rise

TAKING THE PLUNGE: The second of the two 300-ton gates for the train-ferry dock at Dover being launched from Clarence Quay before being placed in position at the entrance to the basin. When the dock is in use water will be pumped in or out according to the state of the tides in order to bring the decks of vessels level with the quayside and thus allow trains to be run directly aboard without disturbing passengers. Sleeping car expresses leaving Victoria at midnight will arrive in Paris at breakfast time the next morning and the journey will not involve a single change; an improvement that is sure to be welcomed heartily by travellers, and which makes the journey to France very nearly as simple a matter as it would be if a Channel Tunnel were in existence

Cousins in Conflict

ARAB and JEW at Loggerheads Though the Two Races Emanate from the Same Stock and Have a Host of Things in Common

SEARCHING FOR WEAPONS: British troops carrying out an inspection beneath the old walls of Jerusalem. The fez is a favourite hiding place for revolvers

AS so often happens, the understanding of the present trouble in Palestine tends to become obscured by popular misconception. The wood, in fact, once more becomes obscured by the trees.

To get our definitions clear, we cannot go back far enough. In spite of the apparent irrelevance of cause and effect in our daily lives, most of the major issues of this world have their roots in a respectable heredity.

The tribes of Judah and Israel, whose descendants have added immeasurably to the world's store of art, music, loyalty, hard work, self-denial, and that discipline of the family on which, ultimately, all law, order, and decent living depend, these tribes were, and are, nothing more than one subdivision of a Semitic race which stretches from the Taurus to Maskat, from the Hedjaz to the western confines of Persia. Arab and Jew, sharing the dawn of history, are one stock.

Immensely complicated by changes in habitat, in method of livelihood, in the case of the Arabs by that blind and compelling force—the Muhammadan religion—the two branches of the root-stock have diverged. The Jew, following the unacknowledged westward drift of Tyre and Sidon, from whose ships and commercial enterprise were born Carthage and the glimmerings of that sea-adventurousness which has since become the destiny of England, passed elsewhere. In an incredibly short space of time he had permeated Europe. The Arab remained.

Much more they had in common. Both branches of the Semitic race suffered tyranny and bondage. The Jew was branded as the murderer of the Central Figure of the Christian religion. The intolerant Christianity which saw Calvary in every member of the race, gave religious sanction to some of the worst barbarities recorded in history. Feudalism saw in the Jew an enemy whose keen, resilient, and altogether undefeatable wits might in the end undermine that idealising of the strong arm and the quick way with an enemy, that has descended unbroken to the vast majority of the ruling classes of Europe to-day. Outcast, persecuted, leading a daily life little more enviable than that of the animals, the Jew had a bitter bad time.

NOR was the Arab of Palestine, in his turn, free from a collective servitude and underdogness which have left their mark on the race. In some respects the rule of the Turk could give points and a beating to the worst Christian governments of our Middle Ages. Saved, by his religion, from some of the worst trials of the Jew in Europe, until we set him free in 1919, the Arab had known the Turk as master for more years than he cared to count.

Both branches of the race are convinced and militant monotheists. Each has a loyalty to its religion so single-minded and energetic that it puts much of European Christianity to shame. Arab and Jew alike view with something approaching contempt what any fair-minded man will style the dogfight of Christianity round the Sacred Places; where Protestant, Roman Catholic, Coptic, Armenian, Greek Orthodox, Syrian—goodness knows how many mutually suspicious, bitterly hostile, and occasionally explosively aggressive variants of the Christian religion, sit in a circle and glower at one another across the gaudily bedizened spots sacred to our Faith. Where pith is given to the saying of La Rochefoucauld, "My son, if ever you find yourself in danger of falling too much in love with your own religion, go to Jerusalem;" where point is given to the even better known saying, that if Christ were to descend to earth to-morrow and were to give a truthful and unvarnished account of His own ministry on Earth, the Christian Churches would burn Him for a heretic.

Outside, the Jew, lamenting Sion, leans his face to the Wall of Wailing. The Arab, turning to Mecca, spreads his prayer-carpet. Single-minded, loyal believers each in the simplicity of his own faith: a standing reproach to Christianity, a living example of the pertinacity of outlook which both Jew and Arab—and for exactly cognate reasons—have inherited from a common immemorial ancestry.

In the impulses underlying each its own faith, however seemingly mutually repellent, the two races therefore tend to converge rather than to be at enmity.

In language, the two claim common roots and many links; the Aramaic not the least, between Hebrew and Arabic. In appearance, many a venerable bearded Arab—as does his congener on the north-west Frontier to-day—looks as if he had stepped straight out of the pages of the Old Testament.

IN ethnology, in religious outlook and its loyalties, in language and appearance, the two races contradict the wide division which we would put between them. Nor is there any more truth in the fallacy of the wild desert warrior at issue with the soft, sharp-witted townsman. The rank-and-file Syrian Arab is about as mixed a mongrel as may be found anywhere this side of Brazil. The desert Arab, gentleman to his finger-tips, would sooner admit even the Englishman to his tents than he would his co-religionist of the Eastern Mediterranean. Wherever the Turk has passed, there has he once more proved his reputation as the long and busy stick that muddies the wells of ethnology. In addition, Kurd and Christian, Egyptian, Greek, and all the many races that in 500 years made Syria a halting-place on trade journeys overland to the East, have left their mark. The Syrian is "Arab" by courtesy only; a convenient term, shortening the otherwise interminable polysyllable which alone would rightly describe him.

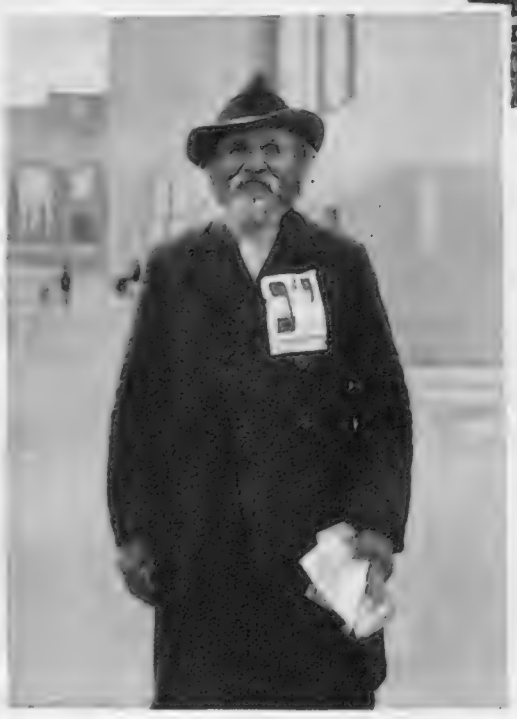
The Jew is by no means the Jew of fiction; neither the scheming moneylender of the ghetto into whose toils sooner or later all men fall, nor the semi-human near-animal of the Polish and Western Russian steppes—if either type, indeed, exists outside the catchpenny novel. The Jew of Palestine is by an overwhelming preponderance, a fine upstanding son of the soil; farmer and fruit-grower; a man of his hands; a "dacent lad," as the Irish would term him. The essential orderliness of his nature makes him a tractable and attractive subject to sensible laws. His clannishness, a feature that so many non-Jews find such difficulty in tolerating, breaks down under the intense individualism common to those who, the world over, live by the soil. Hardworking past belief, in a dozen years his fruit-industry has already undermined that of Spain and Portugal.

Two features he has, indeed, to his apparently unfair advantage, and those by no means of his own seeking. Racially, he has very large sums of money behind him—capital subscribed by the generosity of his co-religionists the world over. In addition, his leaders, thanks to a traditional alertness, have an undoubtedly preponderating influence in the Government under which he lives. In the imminent extension of the franchise he, of fixed abode, occupation, and habits, will be an infinitely heavier power at the voting booth than the restless, rather shapeless, Arab can ever be; and it is fair to foresee that the government of the country will eventually pass into his hands.

HERE, with an emphasis and abruptness quite in keeping with his explosive character, the Arab steps in. The picture that he draws for world consumption is that of a man dispossessed of his immemorial land-ownership by an invading horde of highly subsidised, highly organised aliens—forgetting, indeed, that he has parted with that same land to the newcomers on terms infinitely higher than anything he could otherwise have got for it, or have made out of it by his own rather shiftless labour. He complains of his imminent practical extinction as a political force, and forgets that under his rule Palestine would waste no time in relapsing into its incoherent tribal sub-divisions.

One claim to our sympathy he most certainly has. Whatever the fortuitous mixture of his ancestry, predominantly he is kin to the Bedawi, the tent-Arab of the desert, and takes pride of race accordingly. He cannot forget, as Lawrence himself never forgot or forgave, that during the years of strenuous fighting wherewith he helped Allenby to drive out the Turk, whether with or without ultimate authority our politicians, and our political officers on the spot, held out to him a vision of an Arab Palestine homogeneous and coterminous with the desert, with historic Damascus as capital of the whole, and that thanks to what appears to him to-day as the political chicanery of the English, the Balfour Declaration came into force, and, with it, his golden dream fell to pieces.

A CAUSE OF HOSTILITY: A Jewish farm-girl wearing shorts—attire that arouses resentment among the Arabs who dislike the modern ways of the immigrants



AN OLD CAMPAIGNER: A Jew working for one of the candidates in a Jerusalem civic election

EAST of him, to-day, he sees the desert kingdom of Transjordania; south, Ibn Saud and his tent-dwellers masters from the Red Sea to the Persian Gulf; farther East again, autonomous Arab Irak, of which Feisal of the Desert War was till recently king; to the north, Arabs identical with himself under a wise French government. No Jewish problem *there*.

Then *why*, in the name of Allah, should he, of all Arab races, be condemned to present inferiority.

There is no doubt the Arab revolt in Palestine will, inevitably, be stifled. Its eventual repercussions are beyond the wit of man to predict.

"Mauser"

JEWISH WOMEN LAND WORKERS

Immigrants in a Palestine Farm Colony

SEX EQUALITY: A Jewish couple clearing land for a plantation in one of the farm colonies established in Palestine by European immigrants, many of which are run on the communal principle, the men and women sharing equally in the work of the house and of the fields, while the children are cared for during the day in a central nursery. This mode of living has in some districts aroused intense feeling among the Arabs as it is counter to their traditional hard and fast ideas on family life

MAKING A HOME IN THE PROMISED LAND: A husband and wife—new arrivals from Europe—at work building a wooden hut which will serve them until such time as they can afford a stone built house. The woman wears a cap and trousers—attire that has the merit of being highly practical but is liable to offend Muslim susceptibilities

O.C. LAUNDRY: Each week members of the colony take it in turn to collect, wash, and re-deliver all the linen; another interesting example of the application of the communal principle among the Holy Land's Jewish immigrants

On left—MODERNITY IN THE HOLY LAND: Three sturdy young women at work in the fields. The girl providing the horse power on the left is clad in shorts

PALESTINE—SCENE OF

DRIVEN FROM HOME: The sons of Jewish agricultural folk who have been forced to leave their farms because of Arab terrorism in the agricultural districts and have been given refuge in a sports hall in the all Jewish city of Tel Aviv. Few of them are old enough to understand the seriousness of the situation and thoroughly enjoy the change from rural to urban life

On left—A VEGETABLE CRATE AS A PLAY PEN: This is how one mother solved the problem of keeping her child out of mischief in the Tel Aviv sports hall which is temporarily being used as a home for refugees and where they are being maintained by publicly subscribed funds. The quarters there are rather cramped owing to the large number of refugee families

ON GUARD AT JERUSALEM STATION: These men travellers on arrival and departure from the Ho been countless acts of terrorism on the Palestin forth Highlanders, and a British police constable Many Arabs have also lost their lives but, the

MAKING THE BEST OF IT: Another impression of life among the refugees at Tel Aviv, showing some of the beds ranged round the floor of their quarters. They are comparatively safe in this city as in spite of the fact that it adjoins Jaffa, scene of so many disturbances, it is well protected both by troops and barbed wire entanglements. It is a poignant reflection that not a few of these people were driven from Germany at the start of the Nazi regime, and now, for a second time in three years, have been compelled to leave their homes, on this occasion in the land where they had sought sanctuary

THE HIGH COMMISSIONER AND COMMANDER-IN-CH sentative in Palestine, in conversation with a Mu Arthur, who took office in 1931 and was reappo in dealing with the present crisis and recently in terrorism. He has had a distinguished military

Semitic Turmoil

men with fixed bayonets and steel helmets are detailed off to protect
Holy City—a task of great responsibility as of recent weeks there have
estine railways. Up to last week four British soldiers, three of them Sea-
able had been killed during engagements in various parts of the country.
the Jews who have attempted no reprisals, have suffered few casualties

R IN CHIEF: Lieutenant-General Sir Arthur Wauchope, Britain's able repre-
a Muslim dignitary and a prince of the ruling house of Transjordan. Sir
ppo nted in 1935 for a further term of five years, has shown great firmness
ntly instituted even sterner measures for putting a stop to acts of Arab
litary career, having seen service in South Africa, France, and Mesopotamia

MUSLIM WOMEN AT A JEWISH CLINIC: Mothers, some of them with their faces veiled, listening to a lecture during "Health Week" at the Nathan and Lina Straus Health Centre, Jerusalem. The subject of the discourse was "The Fly as a Source of Contamination of Food and a Bearer of Disease," and it was followed by an educational film. Diagrams were also ranged round the walls to illustrate points

ANOTHER PHASE OF CHILD WELFARE IN JERUSALEM: Jewish women with their infants at a clinic where they bring them once or twice every week for medical inspection and to be test weighed in order to ascertain if they are having too much or too little food; always a problem with natural feeding. Largely as a result of the work of this and other centres the Jewish infant mortality in the Holy City was found at a recent census to have been reduced to 78 per 1,000. In 1925 it was 131 per 1,000

STAGE and SCREEN:

UNDER WAY AGAIN: Ariel (Leslie French) and Miranda (Rosalyn Boulter) in *The Tempest* the second of the season's productions at the Open Air Theatre, Regent's Park, which, following the response to an appeal for funds by its director and organiser, Sydney Carroll, has been able to reopen and is once again delighting London audiences

A NEGRO revue at any time has the average London audience predisposed in its favour. We are so accustomed to imagine, with some degree of accuracy, that possessors of a dusky skin know all there is to know about slick tap-dancing, red-hot rhythm, homely humour, and coal-black mammy sentimentality that the battle is more than half won before the curtain goes up.

This was certainly the case with *Blackbirds of 1936* at the Gaiety, where it is likely to remain a long while.

There is now also the political element to consider. I suspect that there were not a few in the theatre at the first performance who thought of recent doings in Abyssinia. Although the performers in this revue had very little closer connection with the defeated Negus than I have with the Emperor of Japan, one could sense sympathy with them. Indeed, during a black and white scramble for drinks during the one interval, a scramble in which black won easily, I heard that sympathy verbally expressed. The English notion of "cricket" and siding with the bottom-dog can be most useful at times.

I do not suggest that all this detracts from the merits of the show, which are many. It has nothing whatever to do with them. But I do think it probable that some of the ecstatic enthusiasm which greeted every item was due to circumstances over which not even Mr. C. B. Cochran, whom I congratulate on scoring yet another winner, had control.

If there was a happy noise in the auditorium there was still more of it on the stage. Noise and speed are the outstanding qualities of this revue. "Pep" and every existing synonym have to be conjured up for an adequate description.

Now noise and speed are not in themselves necessarily virtues in the artistic or theatrical sense. Both can be provided by a racing motor car going round Brooklands track. But coloured performers have a knack of linking them up with their native artistry, their keen sense of rhythm and of bright and effective hues. And over it all they throw an atmosphere of cheery good fellowship, a suggestion that they are thoroughly enjoying themselves, as I have no doubt they are.

There was, for instance, a small boy named Nicholas—one of the Nicholas Brothers—who was just a tiny bunch of happiness. He sang and danced in a miniature dress-suit and ogled adult chorus girls, and was obviously in the seventh heaven of delight. All the dancers, miraculously agile and as meticulously regular in their beat as a metronome, smiled gleefully at their job, and would, I am sure, have been willing to go on dancing for our especial benefit as well as their own until it was time for the curtain to rise on the next evening's performance. This particularly applied to the Four Bobs, and, indeed, to everybody—whatever they did.

The motto is, in the professional phrase, "to bring it over, good and hard." If the result is at times a glittering restlessness—well, it is better to over-bung than to under-bung. So many white musical shows are under-bunged.

Among the serious episodes was a negro wedding in the midst of the jungle. This became a sort of ballet, featuring primitive strong stuff. The wedding ceremony was carried out by what looked to me like a Russian priest; perhaps some Russian priests, having escaped massacre in Soviet Russia, are picking up an odd job occasionally in the more civilised surroundings of Central Africa. There was also a murder trial, based on a well-known ditty. This was a little long, but most effective and splendidly sung, the chief singer being the negro baritone, Mr. Jules Bledsoe.

A remarkable person, Mr. Bledsoe. An official document setting forth his career has been sent to me, and from it I gather that "he sings classics from Schubert to Handel, Brahms, and Tchaikovsky, and speaks English, French, German, Russian, Italian, and Yiddish, and has been entertained by Royalty and Nobility."

The ladies of the chorus, though of course, non-blonde, vary in hue from sable to a pale and delicate *café-au-lait* and are as shapely as they are versatile.

Yes, *Blackbirds* must be seen.

SCREEN BIOGRAPHY: Hendrickje Stoffels (Elsa kitchen maid in the house of Rembrandt, charge of misconduct. An episode from

A TOAST: John Verney (Nigel Patrick); Countess Victoria (Lilian Braithwaite), another stage matriarch; Count Theodore (Paul Leyssac), the fourth of the Countess' husbands; and Clay van Rennen (Clement McCallin) in *The Lady of La Paz* the new play at the Criterion by Edith Ellis. "The story is well told," said Philip Page in his review last week, "but there is too much talk and a rather obvious cynicism is made to masquerade as wit. Miss Braithwaite has a big part which she plays to perfection"

HENRY CAINE, who is in the cast of Rodney Ackland's *After October*, which started its run at the Criterion in April, and has since been moved to the Aldwych. The play, with its fine character drawing, has much in common with Tchehov's style

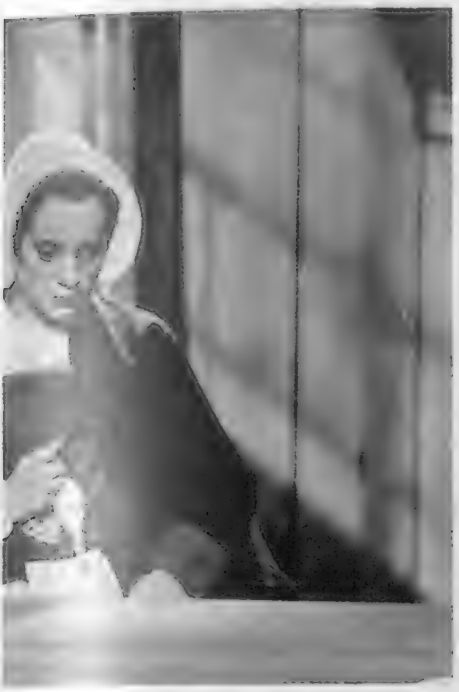
"The Tempest."—I would like to see the *Blackbirds* company from the

Red Hot Rhythm of the 1936 Blackbirds: Sydney Carroll Presents "The Tempest"

Reviewed by Philip Page

Gaiety do a few special performances of *The Tempest* in Regent's Park. We have seen Mr. Paul Robeson as Othello. Mr Jules Bledsoe's Prospero would be equally rather too literally. Some of *The Tempest* will always seem a trifle remote; those squabbling noblemen, for instance, are so dull that we do not mind how vague their movements are. They are just bores. And stage drunkenness is not really very funny even when Shakespeare uses it, which gives the clowns an uphill job.

But not for four-and-twenty blackbirds, in or out of a pie, would I exchange the beauty of Miss Boulter's Miranda; the fine dignity of Mr. Ion Swinley's Prospero; the eerie monstrosity of Mr. Baliol Holloway's Caliban; the poetry of Mr. Leslie French's Ariel; and the fresh beauty of Sullivan's music. This music was a very early effort on Sullivan's part. But never did he do anything better.

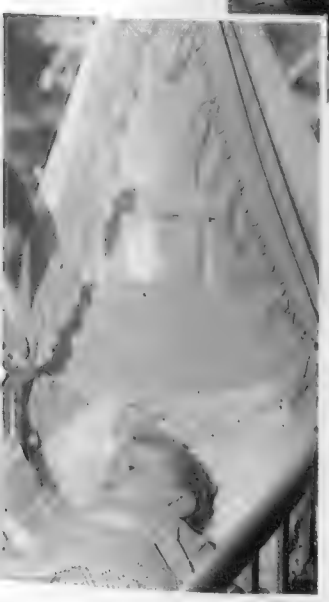


Lanchester), a country girl from Zeeland and standing her trial in the Consistory Court on a the new London Film production, *Rembrandt*

"No! No! Nanette."—Like *The Tempest*, *No! No! Nanette* is a revival. As a play it is newer and funnier. The present twice-nightly production at the Hippodrome seems not in the least stale (musical comedy revivals are usually a mental ordeal for the audience and a financial ordeal for those who put up the money), and just as diverting as the original at the Palace Theatre in which Mr. Joe Coyne skipped about like a twenty-year-old, and looks to-day just as he did then.

HERBERT MARSHALL'S LATEST: Hollywood's popular English star, who is as big a box office attraction in America as he is here, with Gertrude Michael in *Till We Meet Again*

REMBRANDT'S STUDIO: Dudley Jones, Edward Chapman, Frank Folley, and John Clements as the pupils of the Dutch master in the London Film Production *Rembrandt*. The screening of the painter's life story follows close on the heels of a play on the same subject which met with some success when presented on the Continent last year



On left—A COWARD THEME—Gaby Morley and André Luguet, co-stars in *Les Amants Terribles*, the French screen version of *Private Lives*

Mr. Coyne is not in the new cast, nor is Miss Binnie Hale, who looked down on to her successor, Miss Barbara Vernon, from a box during the first performance, and saw that she was good. Miss Vernon comes from America and seems to have all that a successful leading lady ought to have. Miss Phyllis Monkman makes a welcome return to the West End in the part created by Miss Irene Browne.

"The Visitor."—Some rich people are notably eccentric. But would any rich people (in this case a mother and father, the latter a matter-of-fact business man with Throgmorton Avenue stamped all over him) allow their adored daughter to pick up a ragged young foreigner in Hyde Park, to bring him home and feed him, to ask him to stay in the house for an indefinite period, and then put up money for some imbecile play he had written?

The youth had Socialistic opinions and shouted that money was a rotten thing and noble ideals everything. When, wearing nice new clothes, provided by Capitalism, he shouted still louder as the result of too much Capitalistic whisky—in short, he was beastly drunk—did the business-man father kick him out of the house? Not a bit of it.

Did the daughter to whom he had become engaged chuck him when he behaved like that and insulted her, good and hard? Again, not a bit of it. Even when the play—the play-within-the-play, that is to say—was the horrid play we knew all along it would be, she was still ready to go away with the youth, clad again in his rags. Among a few side-improbabilities was the fact that the youth's ex-mistress, a street-walker, was the daughter of the business man's butler. Which sounds like a school lesson in French.

"Have you the daughter of the business man's butler?"

"No, but I have the recollection of a silly and most unbusiness-like play."

Miss Greer Garson has had consistent bad luck of late, and with all her intelligence could not make *The Visitor* real. Mr. Louis Borell's handsome appearance and broken English would have made him a hot favourite at Daly's had this play been produced there in George Edwardian times.

STILL GOING STRONG: Ivy des Voeux, one of the leading lights in *Storm in a Teacup*, the comedy of Scottish life, by James Bridie and Bruno Frank which has now been running for nearly six months. It began at the Haymarket and is now at the Garrick

A FAMOUS MANSION SAVED: The 127-ft. Long gallery at Bramshill Park, the early seventeenth-century residence near Stratfieldsaye, Hampshire, a magnificent architectural example of its period, which has recently been bought by Lord Brocket who intends to preserve it in the interests of the nation

A JACOBEAN GEM: The exterior of Bramshill which was built between 1605 and 1612 by Lord Zouche, a friend of Ben Jonson and one of the Peers who tried Mary Queen of Scots. No structural alterations have been made there since 1705, and the new owner intends to effect the very minimum of changes

THE STATE DRAWING ROOM: A spacious apartment with furniture and tapestries that rank as museum pieces

Lord Brocket, who as Mr. Ronald Nall-Cain represented Wavertree in the House of Commons until the autumn of 1934, has bought Bramshill largely because there was a danger of its passing out of private ownership (it has been for 200 years the residence of the Cope family) as so many other historic mansions have done of recent years. He is a man of considerable possessions, owning some 65,000 acres in the West of Scotland, a town house, and a country house near Hatfield, Hertfordshire, which once belonged to Lord Melbourne, Queen Victoria's Whig Minister

The Glories of Bramshill Park

HISTORIC NEWARK

The Ancient Nottingham Market Town Where a Pageant is Being Held this Week

NEWARK, now the scene of such colourful pageantry, has been a place of considerable importance ever since its imposing castle was built during the reign of Stephen. Even to-day, the hurrying motorist crossing the river on his way to the North spares a glance for the great fortress which once dominated the bridge, and which still, though now a bare shell, retains an impressive dignity. It has a history of which the town may well be proud, for throughout its active life it never surrendered to force.

"KEY OF THE NORTH": This was once the proud title of Newark Castle which, though now a bare shell, still retains its dignity, rising picturesquely and impressively beside the river. During the Civil War it was garrisoned for Charles I and endured three sieges

Supposed to have been founded originally by Egbert, King of the West Saxons, and later extended by a fighting Bishop of Lincoln, it had become Crown property when King John was bringing disgrace upon England by his shameful rule, and it was during his reign that the castle was partly rebuilt. King John frequently resided there, and it was within its walls that he ended his harassed and wasted life. After the loss of the royal treasure when the rising tide submerged the baggage train which was crossing the Wash, the King was overcome with despair and sought refuge in Newark where, worn out with fatigue and fever, he died on October 18, 1216. The little room in which he passed his last days is still shown.

THE OCTAGONAL SPIRE OF ST. MARY MAGDALENE, one of the largest and finest parish churches of England, towering above the old houses of Newark

Newark took an active share in the Wars of the Roses, but it was in the great Civil War between Charles I and the Parliament that it rose to eminence. Loyal to the King from the beginning it remained so to the end, enduring three sieges with courage and persistence, resisting all the might which the Parliament could bring against it. Not even Cromwell, though earnest enough, could take Newark, and from his letters during the opening of the war, we see how tiresome he found the Newarkers, with their frequent sallies, standing as they did across the entrance to the North. Carlyle, always favourable to his hero, Cromwell, has to admit his failure, but puts it down to the lack of combination of the other commanders. Queen Henrietta Maria who had been abroad to collect help, landed on the Yorkshire coast and arrived in Newark, accompanied by a long train of wagons carrying money, arms, and artillery "Dutch ammunition purchased by English Crown Jewels" says Carlyle, who considers her the centre of all the perils in the North. However the brave Queen did bring her treasure and arms safely to the King, no mean exploit, whatever way one's sympathies may lie.

The following year, 1644, Newark endured a long siege, and sent a petition for help to King Charles. Prince Rupert went to the rescue, in the dashing way characteristic of him, with only a handful of men, a quarter the number of those engaged in the siege. He trusted to surprise the besiegers, which he did, for though Sir John Meldrum, in command of the Parliamentarians, knew that he was on the

(Cont. on p. 128)

Drawings by Percy Home

AN OLD COACHING INN COURTYARD: Another picturesque glimpse of Newark where throughout this week an historic pageant is being held, some 2,000 actors taking part. Tuesday's performance was opened by the Archbishop of York; Wednesday's by Mr. Duff Cooper, the Minister for War; Thursday's by the Duke of Portland, and to-day's jointly by Sir Herbert Austin and Sir Walter Citrine

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SEVENTY MEETS SEVEN: Mr. John Hopkins with Shirley Temple, the youthful screen idol whom he met during his recent visit to Hollywood

John Hopkins Goes to Hollywood

by
CHARLES GRAVES

THIS narrative has two morals. It shows the advantage of retiring in the early fifties and then proceeding to enjoy life. It also tells you how to spend a marvellous month quite differently. Meet Mr. John Hopkins, who was seventy on his last birthday, and whose doctor told him in 1922 that he must have at least six months' holiday from work. Mr. Hopkins was then managing director of United Dairies. He went away for six months and only came back to resign. Since then he has travelled all over the world, thoroughly enjoying himself, while of his two immediate successors one died within three years and the other had a continued nervous breakdown.

Big, ruddy, deep-voiced, and jolly, Mr. Hopkins began to wonder six weeks ago how to give himself a new holiday. He had flown the Andes. He had motored all over Europe. He had been to Canada. He had been on cruises. In fact, it was quite difficult to plan out a new adventure. Then he had an inspiration. He decided to go to America, to fly to Hollywood, to have a look at Reno, to spend five days in New York, and be back within the month, all of which he did at a cost, although he is admittedly no piker, of a trifle under £400.

In the past few years we have been regaled with innumerable accounts of ocean voyages, of the wild life of Hollywood, and of other aspects of contemporary American life as told us by journalists, authors, and other professional writers. Few, if any of them, however, have been satisfying in detail. All the little commonplaces of expense, delay, wayside encounters, and other important small events which go to make up a visit have been neglected in favour of stories about prohibition, post-prohibition, gangsters, prize fights, and local politics. Here at last is an account which I, at any rate, have been waiting for a long time to hear as a private individual and prospective visitor to the United States—and not as a professional writer.

John Hopkins sailed on the *Queen Mary*. He said it took a day and a half to go over the gigantic ship. He sat at meals with the engineering expert from John Brown's shipyards, who told him that the *Queen Mary* had at least another four or five knots in her pocket, so to speak. An interesting point is that the ship was so large that the passengers were quite unaware of the fog unless they went up on the deck. Here the sound of the siren was deafening, but was quite inaudible in the restaurant, smoke rooms and elsewhere. Only those people, of course, went on deck in the fog who were interested in the pool on the ship's run, which one day was worth £965.

On the first day the service was not so good, but the food was admirable throughout. Another amusing if minor detail is that on the maiden voyage 800 ash-trays with the *Queen Mary's* name on them disappeared from the restaurant tables, but if any of your friends show you one and it has not got the word "souvenir" engraved on the bottom, it has been, in vulgar parlance, "pinched." All those that were honestly bought had the word "souvenir" engraved.

The *Queen Mary* neither pitches nor rolls. There was just one point—about a foot square—on the boat-deck where a mysterious oscillation occurred. No doubt that has been rectified by now. We have all heard about the delay on arrival at New York, but I for one had no idea that it took some of the passengers, including John Hopkins, ten hours to reach his hotel, for having docked at 9 a.m. he did not get to the Waldorf Astoria until 7 p.m. Although this was his first visit to New York in ten years he did not find so big a difference as one is always told to expect. But the taxis are magnificent, and make even our latest cabs look second rate. Every meter starts at 10 cents, which is 5d. in our money.

The Radio City Cinema is apparently the most beautiful in the world. There is an orchestra of a hundred and a complete revue called *Sins of Men* as well as the film. A detail about shopping is that a pair of white kid shoes which would have cost at least 2 guineas in London were bought by John Hopkins for 14s. 6d. But throughout his trip he found that everything was on the whole less expensive than in London. The chief impression that Broadway conveys to the visitor is one of tremendous crowds. The shops are always full. The neon lights are terrific, and you have to be very careful in the traffic. It is easy to get run over, particularly in view of the traffic moving on the right-hand side of the road.

At the Waldorf Astoria John Hopkins found that he had a fine bedroom and bathroom for less than 30s. a night, which is several shillings cheaper than the minimum price for its opposite numbers in London. One has always been led to suppose that the service in big American hotels is robot-like and impersonal. John Hopkins found the reverse to be the case. Having been taken straight up in the lift, and without any delay in bringing up his baggage (a pleasant change from the normal procedure in hotels), he was met by the floor valet who said "this way, Mr. Hopkins." His name had already been sent upstairs ahead of him. He found that it takes time to know what to order when confronted with American dishes, but that prices were reasonable. This was particularly so in the case of wines. Famous vintages of champagne were only 25s. or 30s. a bottle. This in his case contrasted

(Continued on page 116)

HOLLYWOOD CAVALCADE: These men, for the most part business executives, have formed a club and call themselves the Roderos. Once a year they make a tour of some of the Californian ranches, wearing cowboy kit

A NOTABLE ARRIVAL: Visitors to the Zoo are intrigued by this baby wallaby when they see it peeping out of its mother's pouch, giving the appearance of trying to beg food. It was born some months ago and is making admirable progress

A RIVAL TO JUBILEE: Sally and her daughter, June, who when she made her appearance last month achieved the distinction of being the second chimpanzee ever to be born at the London Zoo She weighed 3 lbs. at birth and, under her mother's unceasing care is fast growing into a fine specimen of her kind

BABIES AT

Interesting Newcomers to Camera Studies from Whip panzees have a New and

SINCE Professor Julian Huxley became its secretary, the Zoo has been in the news constantly and much has been done to add to the entertainment value of the gardens.

The late closing hours on Wednesdays and Thursdays are a particularly happy innovation, and with hundreds of coloured lights lining the paths to the animal houses, and a band playing, the place assumes a gaiety and animation almost Continental in flavour. The addition of an outdoor beer garden is another feature that has much to commend it, as the previously existing licensing arrangements were inadequate.

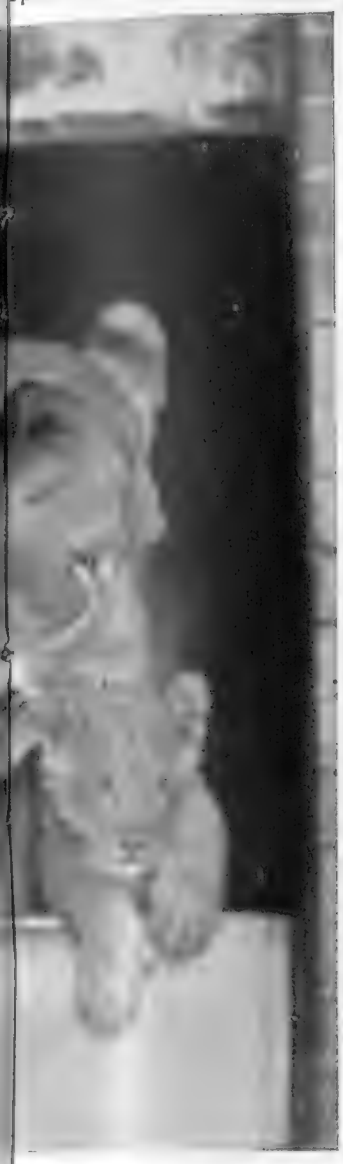
(Continued below)

Special SPHERE *pictures by William Davis*

IDOL OF WHIPSNADE: Bella, the chimp, who has been in residence for the past four years, is a great favourite with the public, and she is seen here surrounded by an enthusiastic audience. The London Zoo's "country seat," as it is sometimes called, is pursuing a thoroughly go-ahead policy, and last season's total attendance figures of 471,545 and admission fees of £20,282 give some idea of its popularity. Many improvements have been made there, the most outstanding being the addition of a ferro-concrete elephant house, erected on the site of an old apple orchard, and the provision of new quarters for the chimpanzees

THE ZOO

Regent's Park and Some Whipsnade, where the Chimpanzees Have a Spacious Island Home



JUNO AND HER OFFSPRING: *Left and above*—Two studies of one of Regent's Park lionesses with her cubs which were born at Easter-time

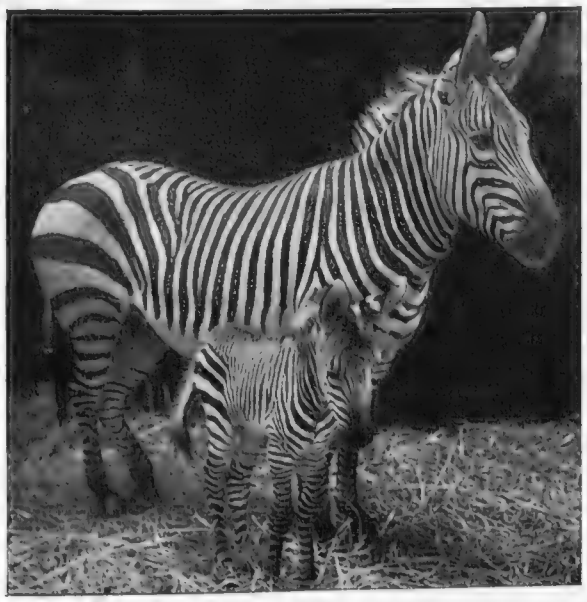
A PRICKLY HANDFUL: Baby porcupines, two more specimens that first saw the light in London Zoo where of recent years so many animals have been born and successfully bred

regulars—men and women who spend their leisure hours there day in, day out, year in, year out, and, knowledgeable as they may be, but seldom go away without having learned something new of the wonders of the animal kingdom.

Apart from all these extra attractions, however, the Zoo has an interest that needs but little stimulating, its regular cycle of births and deaths ensuring an ever-changing population whose daily doings one need never tire of observing. In fact, Regent's Park has many

(Continued above on right)

On right—SURPRISE, the zebra mare, with her newly born colt which has been named Conjure



BELLA AND WENDY, Whipsnade's chimpanzees, at play on their new island home which has been built for them at a cost of £1,500, and not only provides them with ideal quarters but gives the public better facilities for viewing them

JOHN HOPKINS GOES TO HOLLYWOOD

(*Continued from page 113*)

particularly agreeably with his visit ten years before. On that occasion he went to a restaurant on the recommendation of a friend, and was allowed to order a bottle and a half of Moët. At the end of dinner the bill for this item alone was £11. In New York John Hopkins found that Coney Island is not really an island. It is a street with a series of fun fairs on either side, its chief distinction being its size rather than its variety of entertainment.

Now comes his greatest adventure. Leaving his hotel at four o'clock he found himself at the flying field fifteen miles away at 4.30 p.m. His aeroplane fare to Hollywood was 160 dollars, a trifle over £30. There and back was 288 dollars. You are allowed luggage up to 30 lb. After that you pay half of 1 per cent. per excess pound of the price of your ticket. His forty-four extra pounds cost him about a tenner. For economy's sake he sent a suitcase weighing 50 lb. by train to Hollywood. This takes from Monday to Saturday. The aeroplane was a twelve-seater, with the usual very pretty stewardess who straps the passengers down and offers them chewing gum and cotton wool, as well as food and non-alcoholic drinks. A passenger is not allowed to smoke within twenty yards of the aeroplane nor until it is 5,000 ft. up in the air. After that cigarettes are permitted, though pipes and cigars are taboo.

FROM YOUTHFUL STAR TO VETERAN ADMIRER: The signed picture of herself that Shirley Temple gave to Mr. Hopkins

The machines are a trifle more noisy than those of Imperial Airways, but they have air currents which you can have turned on to blow a gentle zephyr in your face should you want it. The first stop is at 8 p.m. at Chicago, where you have a ten minutes break and you can get a drink. The machines fly at over 200 miles an hour, and there are two or three other stops. Many of the passengers, however, sleep right through them. Salt Lake City was reached at 6 a.m. Here you change aeroplanes. Three hours later by standard time the aeroplane reaches Hollywood.

Telling me about it afterwards, John Hopkins said that next time he would stop off at Salt Lake City and hire a caravan car to explore the 3,000 miles of the Yellowstone Park with its torrents and mountains and wild animals. But on this occasion he had a rendezvous with his niece in Hollywood. It was through her that he met Shirley Temple, who on introduction said immediately "come and play with me" and led him off by the hand as though she were seventy and he were seven, instead of the other way round. The game she selected was a kind of noughts and crosses played in squares. John Hopkins scored only twenty-eight, trying all he knew, by the time she reached 100. Halfway through the game, she said "I've got to run on to the set now. Don't touch the game while I am gone." On her return she said that she was very thirsty, and produced two bottles of coco-kola, one for each of them.

Shirley Temple has delicious dimples and is quite unself-conscious. She is very quick on the uptake, and when the photographer came in to take a flashlight photograph she beat John Hopkins to it with her smile, as you can see from the accompanying photograph. At the moment she is making a picture called *The Princess of Bowery*.

The only other film star that John Hopkins met in Hollywood was Harold Lloyd, who has the most magnificent estate in Hollywood, with a waterfall 100 ft. high, an eighteen-hole golf course, a swimming pool, two governesses for his two daughters, as well as armed guards to prevent kidnappers.

But imagine a country where they have such things as the Breakfast Club. John Hopkins was invited on the Monday afternoon to have breakfast at 7.30 a.m. on the Wednesday. He accepted, and to his amazement found 700 members of the club already there breakfasting off the usual grape fruit, bacon and eggs, and coffee. This, it would seem, is the greatest possible tribute to the air and the climate of California. Imagine such an experiment in London. Even in Hollywood the prices seemed reasonable, the bedroom and bathroom at the Biltmore costing only 30s. a night.

During his visit John Hopkins dined at the famous Brown Derby, which has alcoves rather like Simpson's in the Strand, and again is not expensive, a dinner for four with two bottles of wine coming to something under £6. One of the sights of Hollywood is the group of business men who call themselves the Roderos, and who once a year visit neighbouring ranches in full cowboy get-up. Their president is Jack Mitchell, who married one of the Armour millionaire family. His wife, poor dear, has now only £2,000,000.

Other high spots during his trip were a visit to San Francisco, where they have built a bridge seven miles long, and where they are completing one over the Golden Gate which will save a detour of some hours. His visit to Reno was brief but entertaining. It is a wonderful city, where you can do as you like. Gambling and drinking are open and above-board. Even the roulette was inexpensive. And here they have an excellent innovation for preventing people from claiming your chips—which happens so often in the Continental casinos. Each player has a miniature copy of the roulette board in front of him. He is therefore able to stake his chips thereon without any possibility of interruption or argument.

John Hopkins then flew back in a few hours to New York and caught the *Europa*. His final conclusions are that Roosevelt will certainly get in, and that the United States is much more prosperous than it was. Admittedly he met only the more well-to-do people, but even allowing for this was surprised at the way they were all making and spending a great deal of money. There seems to be a genuine liking for English visitors, even though there may be some jealousy of English prosperity. American hospitality is at least as overwhelming as one is told. Brigade of Guards, M.C.C., Old Etonian, and other famous ties are very popular; so too, however, are outrageous rainbow coloured ones.

But the English visitor's primary as well as final reaction is that Americans like the English accent. There is, indeed, almost a snobbishness about acquiring things English. "So the next time you have £200 or £300 to spare you will know what to do with yourself," says John Hopkins.

IN CHAUCER'S COUNTRY: The Barn Theatre, near the old Pilgrims' Way at Shere, Surrey, where a little band of enthusiasts, calling themselves the Otherwise Club, have started a theatrical venture that is creating wide interest in the locality. Their first production is *No Trifling with Love*, a modern adaptation of de Musset's tragi-comic play

LEADING LIGHTS AT THE BARN: The Baron (Mr. Lionel Stevens), his convent-bred betrothed, Camille (Miss Judith Fellows; left), and the village maiden, Rosette (Miss Joan Thomas) in a scene from *No Trifling with Love*, the dazzling comedy of which strongly appealed to the first-night audience which gave the new theatre an enthusiastic start

REHEARSAL IN THE OPEN: The players assembled outside the theatre before beginning a morning's work. Fourth from right is the producer, Mr. Laurence Bampton, and on the extreme right is Mr. Lionel Stevens

ACTORS on the PILGRIMS' WAY

Members of the Otherwise Club Present a de Musset Play at Their Barn Theatre in the Wilds of Surrey

On right—JILL OF ALL TRADES: Miss Dorothy Pennifold, who is not only stage manager but scene painter in chief, and secretary to the company

KEEPING COOL

- IN Agnes's blue glass hat, bound and trimmed with blue gros grain. It reflects a very restful light across the eyes, and is simple enough to wear with tailored frocks

- IN Robert Piguet's suit of brown and white printed cotton. The sleeveless dress has crossed bands at the neck set into shoulder straps, and the skirt fullness is at the front

- IN Bruyère's charming brown net dress and close-fitting jacket, finely pleated from neck to hem, with a printed collar that has a matching motif on the swathed belt

- IN Jane Regny's white linen suit simply trimmed with raised tucks, and contrasted with a printed blouse in green silk and a green corded belt fastened with crystal rings

RUNNING ON SOLID PETROL: A five-ton lorry, fully laden, which has just made a journey of a hundred miles on solid petrol, which is distilled by a new process from ordinary coal

FILLING THE PETROL "SCUTTLE": The tank of the lorry being filled with solid petrol, which closely resembles anthracite. The fuel saving for the run was claimed to be 60 per cent.

STARTING UP: After the tank has been filled, the engine is set in motion by means of a match. One charge of solid petrol gives a cruising range of 200 miles

A LIGHTHOUSE OF THE ROAD: A very effective warning erected in imposing fashion by the Congleton, Cheshire, Corporation on the bend of a very steep hill at Congleton. At night the sign is illuminated and a red warning light flickers from the top

THE PETROL WORLD

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.

(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands, and "Sphere" Motoring Correspondent)

Government-Controlled Roads—The Latest Humber Snipe—The Importance of Trivialities—Cars of 1937

THE most momentous happening in the history of motoring for many a year is the recent announcement of the Minister of Transport that he proposes to introduce legislation whereby the Government will take over more than 4,000 miles of the main highways in the country. I feel certain that Mr. Hore-Belisha would not be contemplating this step unless it were to improve the highways in question to a greater extent than can be effected under the present conditions. Motorists can, therefore, expect to have more suitable roadways before very long, and there is no doubt that the only type that is suitable for present and future needs is that having dual carriage ways. But, of course, these will not be completely satisfactory unless they are built with such a width that many lines of traffic can travel each way with room to spare. For years I have pointed out in these notes that a large percentage of our main roads allow only one line of traffic to travel in safety in each direction. I feel certain that the developments foreshadowed will do far more to keep down and even reduce the number of road casualties than all the speed limits that could be devised.

The latest car I have tested is a Humber Snipe saloon. This particular car was not a stranger to me for I have driven one of its type on occasions during the past four or five years. The latest production, however, is a great improvement on anything that the Humber Company have produced up to 1936. The first feature that impressed me was the Humber "evenkeel" suspension. On the way to my home there is a stretch of roadway which the local council are widening and making up. For the past month this has been so bad that I have purposely made a detour to avoid it, as driving over the rough surface was anything but pleasant. Needless to say I thought I could find no better testing place for a new suspension than this stretch of highway, so over it I went. I was really quite surprised to find that there was no shock to be felt and even stranger to relate there was no noise to indicate that the suspension was being severely taxed. I cannot, therefore, speak too highly of this Humber feature.

I was likewise impressed with what many people might think a trivial consideration, but although it is only a small matter it is one which means considerable comfort for the driver. I refer to the ease of getting in and out of the driving seat, and coupled with this the makers have given the driver and his passenger in front quick-lift windows which are really quick in action as well as in word. I also discovered that when I was in the driving seat the lever to press for opening the door was instantly get-at-able and easy to operate. From my experience in testing various cars and from being a judge at the various R.A.C. Rallies I can state quite definitely that no other car on the market can better this Humber Snipe as regards these particular points.

The engine of this Humber Snipe is a most satisfactory power unit. It is smooth and silky, and gives off an astounding amount of power. When ticking over it is extremely difficult to detect any noise whatever; in fact, on more than one occasion I pressed the self-starter button, thinking that the engine had ceased to function. From these low revs. right up to the other limit the engine is quiet, and there is no apparent vibration. The gear-box does its duties well, the gears being easy to change, and even on the indirect ratios the transmission is quiet. The steering is lower geared than usually found on British cars, but the driver soon becomes accustomed to this control and begins to feel perfectly at home.

The car is full of what might be considered unimportant features which are most commendable. To me they are not unimportant, as their presence or absence makes the difference between comfortable and uncomfortable motoring. First of all, there is a divided windscreen, and one-half can be opened whilst the other remains closed; every occupant of the car is provided with arm-rests; and a sunshine roof is provided which really can be operated by one hand. Underneath the bonnet and in the luggage boot are fixed small electric lights which are really convenient. I don't think I have ever driven a more comfortable or more completely equipped car. Even at speeds in excess of 70 m.p.h. the car rides like a well-constructed boat in a perfectly calm sea. It is certainly marvellous value for money and would still sell well if the makers asked twice the price.

My readers may not realise that they have entered on a new year. Only the other day the first of the 1937 new cars were announced and presented for inspection. The new models were the production of the Triumph Company Limited and the cars on view were certainly very delightful to look at and, I believe, go even better than their predecessors, which is saying something. The Triumph range for 1937 consists of three distinct types of car known as the Gloria, Vitesse, and Dolomite models. The Gloria range is fitted with four-cylinder engines of 10.8-h.p. whilst the Vitesse and Dolomite cars are given a 13.9-h.p. four-cylinder power unit or a 2-litre six-cylinder engine, rated at 15.7-h.p. The new Dolomite cars are certainly very striking and their very distinctive radiator fronts will make them easy to be identified. The new Glorias, there being eight different models, have been considerably reduced in price and from what I could see not only they, but the other models in the 1937 programme are all good value for money.

I do not usually venture an opinion on individual hotels or road houses without having first put them to the test myself, but particulars have come to hand of a place called the Crownwell Hydro and Country Club situated at Shaldon, South Devon, that make me think that it is a place at least worthy of a trial. To give an idea of the lines on which the establishment is run I am told that when a visitor comes down to breakfast after his first night he is courteously informed that his car has been washed and polished free of cost. Amongst the attractions are riding, clay-pigeon shooting, fishing, swimming, boating, golf, badminton, tennis, deck tennis, otter hunting, and billiards. The place is run for motorists by a motorist of experience and the charges for what is given are distinctly moderate.

THE NEW ROYAL DAIMLER: His Majesty the King has just taken delivery of this Royal car for State purposes. This is the first new Royal car since His Majesty's accession. It is a Daimler Straight Eight and was ordered from Stratstone, Ltd., of Pall Mall. The coachwork, by Messrs. Hooper, is finished in the Royal Colours with upholstery in blue cloth

In these days of rapid improvement in motor car design it is amazing to me that certain points which one would imagine were absolutely obvious are left untouched. For instance, on many cars to-day I find that the gear lever knob consists of a hard rubber disc-shaped pad. Personally, I cannot imagine anything more unsuitable or more uncomfortable. When the driver grips the extremity of the gear lever a comparatively sharp edge meets the palm of his hand. The correct shape would not be any more expensive to manufacture or to fit. Then again, there are an appalling number of door handles which, in their endeavours to be stream-line of form, present almost a cutting edge to the hand when the door is to be opened. I hope one of these days that some bright designer will enable me to slide my driving seat backwards or forwards just when I want to and not only when the seat thinks it would like to have a change of position. I cannot think that such a convenience should be terribly difficult to provide. Needless to say I know that many adjustable seats of to-day are quite easy and nice to operate when new, but after a year's use many of them refuse to budge. Sooner or later these points will receive attention, but there is no reason why we motorists should wait much longer for improvement in these directions. There are many other parts of a chassis and body which are too frequently unsatisfactory. I wonder, for instance, what is the percentage of windscreens that effectively prevent water coming inside, and how many sliding roofs remain rattle proof after 10,000 miles in use?

This England . . .

Dunster, Somerset.

OUR ENGLAND is a garden — from the valiant geranium of the tenement window-sill to the lovely riot of colour round rectory or farm. All of us like to till the soil in some sort and draw a sweet content from the fruits of our labours. So also do we enjoy the fruits of a wider labouring of this kindly earth. For after the rich gold of the barley fields has been gathered to the malting-floor, the heavy-scented hop to the oasthouse, there comes Worthington — a distillation of the very harvest, it seems, to fill our veins and hearts with the mellow strength of this England . . .

The WORLD *of* BOOKS:

Thomas Wood Tells His Story in "True Thomas," a Vividly Written Autobiography: A. E. W. Mason Finds a Theme in History

Reviewed by

VERNON FANE

A FEW years ago when Mr. Thomas Wood wrote *Cobbers* he was hailed as the author of the most human and graphic book yet to be written about modern Australia. He had travelled about in it for two or three years and this remarkable book was the outcome. Now, with **TRUE THOMAS** (Jonathan Cape. 12s. 6d.) he has written, in spite of all his denials, an excellent autobiography.

Tom Wood was the son of a captain in the Merchant Service, and from babyhood he had been determined to follow his father's calling. For half the year he would go to sea instead of to school, and the early chapters about the life on his father's ship are worthy of a Conrad. Unhappily the sea as a career was barred to him because of his eyesight, for he was, and has always remained, half-blind. Instead he chose to go to Oxford and study music.

"Yes, father. I want to go to Oxford."

"Oxford? What's Oxford?"

This was a facer.

"But . . . it's *Oxford*, father. You must have heard of it."

"I can't say as I have."

"But you *must* have heard of the boatrace . . . everybody has. You think."

"Well, now you remind me, I seem to have read something about it in the papers one time or another. It said they used sliding seats. That wouldn't do in a seaway."

But to Oxford Tom went, and there achieved the degrees of Master of Arts and Doctor of Music, in spite of great privations and the smallest of allowances. The captain had jibbed at the idea of a scholarship . . . "they can keep their damned charity." The long chapter on Oxford is delightful. It is partly on Oxford, that is to say, and partly on any subject that occurred to the author as he wrote, in a reminiscent mood. It is, in fact, endlessly quotable and would give any Oxford man a pleasant nostalgia for the days when he thought of it as "the centre of the world."

There follows a chapter on music—Dr. Wood is himself a distinguished composer—and that chapter includes, as well as some travel notes which seem in some magic way to be completely in place, a description of the tuning-up of an orchestra, which is not only excellent and lucid prose, but really exciting reading. The final chapter, on the supernatural, contains two first-rate ghost stories, and, appropriately enough, an account of some supernatural music, of which Dr. Wood says sadly enough "technical details are lacking."

Throughout the book the pen-portraits are a joy, whether they are of Mr. Slee, who used to say that he was "18 stun, an' reet Cumberland. That's me. And when Ah'm vexed Ah'm crude;" or Canon Scott Holland, who once began an address with the words, "As the Lord said, in His own inimitable way." There are too many treasures to catalogue, and half the fun is discovering them for yourself, so I will leave you to find out Tom's naively original reason for wanting to go to Oxford and his more than adequate description of crooning. All I suggest is, in the words of the American advertisement, that you "run, not walk, to the nearest bookshop and make this little gold-mine your own."

STIMULATING NIPPON: Eiji Yoshikawa, Japan's foremost living novelist, has written many books about the golden age of Japanese chivalry, his aim being to foster the spirit of patriotism. Now he has carried his campaign a step further by the creation of a society which already has some 200,000 members, all of whom have taken vows of loyalty to the Emperor and have dedidated themselves to regard their country as their greatest possession, declaring that they are prepared to make any sacrifice on its behalf

In that very interesting novel, *Stamboul Train*, Mr. Graham Greene demonstrated what he could do with a story necessitating pace, probability, sequence, and suspense. I for one hoped that he would not abandon this successful experiment in favour of the trend of his earlier novels, excellent as they were.

I am glad, therefore, to welcome **A GUN FOR SALE** (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.) and to find that Mr. Graham Greene has written an even better thriller than his last one. The story is briefly that of Raven, a desperado permanently disfigured, embittered, vengeful, a ready-made scapegoat of society. He is hired to commit a murder, only to find, when he has done it, that he has been double-crossed, and it all adds to the excitement when we know that his employers are an armament firm who hope to precipitate through his crime a crisis leading to a war.

The hunted gunman then finds himself pursued not only by the police but by his double-crossing employer. At this point a girl crosses his path, a disinterested and sincere character who eventually realises that she must betray this outcast who, in his misery, has become a pawn in a game dangerous enough to cause havoc to millions. The scene in which Raven takes revenge of his employer is unforgettable in its horror and power, for beneath the tenseness of the scene itself there is a deeper meaning, a sense of compassion for the criminal and an understanding of the deciduous doom of the green bay tree.

People who read thrillers for the sake of thrills will not be disappointed in this book, and they may be astonished to find that murderers and murderees can present a deeper problem than the actual physical accomplishment of their acts. Every sentence of this story is stamped with reality, yet its symbolism is profound, and as one reads one is aware that minor characters may be not merely coincident to action or to fill in a background but are significant and have a real meaning in their portrayal. Mr. Graham Greene brings to this form of literature a distinction of style worthy of R. L. Stevenson, and invests it with qualities which can only be found among the really great novelists.

The author of that notorious and subsequently banned novel, *Bessie Cotter*, has also written a thriller which in spite of its forbidding title, **THE HAPPY ALIENIST** (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.), is not particularly mad, but a happy-go-lucky story in a tough American style.

Readers who remember Wallace Smith's not so notorious *The Captain Hates the Sea* will recall how dexterously this author can handle eccentric characters, drunks, and beautiful women forever journeying. The sub-title of this story, "A Viennese Caprice," is its best description. Professor Volk, the alienist, knows all there is to be known about the mind, but very little about the world. He is also wealthy, which the ubiquitous Baroness Marie von Schweinsohrl, Kuno (who somehow gets on to the honeymoon in order to brush up on his yodelling), and the Graf Adelhorst are not.

Then there is Fräulein Vera who has come all the way from Russia to study psychiatry but misses most of it in studying Volk himself, thus completing the necessary triangle. It is all very amusing, tough and swift moving in a slick American way; in fact an ideal novel for the hammock with tea a pleasant hour or two away.

During the reign of Elizabeth, her chief secretary Sir Francis Walsingham had built up a secret service which would compare with present-day methods, even if it were less orthodox. The hundreds of informants, I suppose they would be called agents to-day, worked for Sir Francis in England and overseas in every country but Spain, where the terror of the Inquisition made it difficult, and not surprisingly, to collect the desired information.

At the period of which Mr. A. E. W. Mason writes in **FIRE OVER ENGLAND** (Hodder and Stoughton. 7s. 6d.) the great Armada was in preparation, and it was imperative that Elizabeth should have exact knowledge of its strength. For this purpose we see Walsingham choosing a young boy whose father, a Dorset squire, had been tortured and perhaps even killed by the Spanish Inquisitioners. He was to pose as an Italian with a knowledge of Spanish, (how erudite were the Elizabethan young!) and take a position as personal servant to the famous fire-breathing admiral, Santa Cruz. While in his service it was to be hoped that the boy Robin would discover the exact dispositions of the new fleet; its size, strength, and ammunition.

Robin, rather than Secretary Walsingham, is Mr. Mason's hero, and it is his story, set against a background of Dorset hills and Portuguese palaces, that makes this thoroughly entertaining book. There are masques and midnight rides and beautiful girls in leather breeches, and spies well versed in "the admirable art of forcing the seal of a letter, yet so invisibly that it appeared a virgin to the exactest beholder." I found the girl in the leggings a little surprising, but Mr. Mason's historic sense is beyond questioning, and the pace of the story certainly gives one no time for quibbling. A vividly told, exciting tale in the romantic tradition of *Westward Ho!*

The personal background of the author of **TEMPEST OVER MEXICO** (Methuen. 10s. 6d.) is an unusual one. In 1905 Mrs. Rosa King first came to the little town of Cuernayaca from Mexico City, on holiday with her husband. Two years later she returned as a widow, with children to support, and no financial means of doing so. In this year Mrs. King opened a small tea-room, and in 1910 the town's first big hotel, "and from that time on everything that happened to Mexico was bound to happen to me also."

Alone, except for the encouragement of a few friends, this enterprising English woman undertook what was then a unique job for a woman, made a success of it, and settled, for the rest of her life, in that remote valley, which "for a thousand years, had been deeply loved and fiercely coveted."

During the past thirty years Mrs. King has seen many changes in the political life of Mexico. She has known revolution, been in great personal danger, seen her hotel burned to the ground, and escaped, with her dangerously attractive daughter, from the marauding troops. For a time the little family "starved with dignity in Cuernavaca"; then they joined the general exodus from the town and escaped by a matter of minutes being captured by the pursuing Zapatists, the revolutionary party of the time.

Presidents and generals have been among Mrs. King's friends, and one of the most affecting stories is of the death in Chihuahua of General Angeles, shot during the administration of President Carranza, who spoke for two hours on the night before his execution, urging his countrymen to be true to Mexico and to work together for the common good.

The merit of this book is not in its literary pretensions, which are negligible, but in its sincerity as a declaration of friendship for an adopted country.

The thing to say about Mr. Gilbert Frankau is that no one knows his business better than he, and his business is that of a popular novelist. His popularity should be immensely enhanced by his latest "important new long novel" **FAREWELL ROMANCE** (Hutchinson. 8s. 6d.) Indubitably it is new, without a doubt it is long, and its importance will be a matter of concern for tens of thousands for whom one touch of vulgarity makes the whole world kin.

I know of no one writing to-day who can persistently get away with a sentence like "and she put hand to hat brim as the Dunlops sang," and since that is excellent Frankau we are not surprised when later on the page "as she did his bidding, his right foot went down; the blower shrieked; and the wind of their going tore at his hair."

As the eyes dance over the printed page and we follow breathlessly the unfolding of tense moment after tense moment, heedless of the fleeting passage of time, reading avidly until the first pale fingers of a summer dawn dim the Osramed brilliance of our reading light, we may spare a brief minute to pause and sigh that the genius of Mr. Frankau should not be wedded to the prolificness of an Edgar Wallace. For we can never get enough of Mr. Gilbert Frankau with his unrivalled invention, his knowledge of life, and his coruscating style. Already I am at the head of the queue for his next.

BOOKS RECEIVED

HURST & BLACKETT.—NOWHERE ELSE IN THE WORLD. By Gordon Enders with Edward Anthony. Illustrated. 18s. WITHERBY.—HOW TO KNOW BRITISH BIRDS. By Norman H. Joy. Illustrated. 5s. JONATHAN CAPE, LTD.—THE FOOL HATH SAID. By Beverley Nichols. 7s. 6d. DEAN & SONS.—THE PUBLIC AND PREPARATORY SCHOOLS YEAR BOOK, 1936. 10s. 6d. JARROLDS.—THE LESS FAMILIAR KIPLING AND KIPLINGIANA. By G. F. Monkshood. New Edition. Illustrated. 7s. 6d. THROUGH FORBIDDEN TIBET. By Harrison Forman. Illustrated. 18s. JOHN LANE THE BODLEY HEAD.—JOSEPH CONRAD: Some Aspects of the Art of the Novel. By Edward Crankshaw. 8s. 6d. LETTERS FROM PRISON. By Ernst Toller. Translated from the German by R. Ellis Roberts. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. MACLEHOSE.—THE SQUIRREL'S GRANARY: A Countryman's Anthology. By Sir William Beach Thomas. 7s. 6d. NEWNES. FILM PRODUCTION. By Adrian Brunel. Introduction by Alexander Korda. 7s. 6d. STREET & MASSEY.—THE MARCH OF CRIME: No. 1, Finger Prints. By Nigel Morland. 1s. TEMPLE PRESS, LTD.—THE MOTOR ELECTRICAL MANUAL. Seventh Edition. 2s. 6d. GOLLANCZ.—KEEP THE ASPIDISTRA FLYING. By George Orwell. 7s. 6d. DAY OF WRATH. By Joseph O'Neill. 7s. 6d. BORN FOR TROUBLE: The Story of a Chequered Life. By Marguerite Harrison. 12s. 6d. THE AFRICAN WITCH. By Joyce Cary. 8s. 6d. GREEN GATES. By R. C. Sherriff. 7s. 6d. JOHN MURRAY.—ROSE AND THORN. By Mary Lutyens. 7s. 6d. WALLS OF GOLD. By Kathleen Norris. 2s. SECOND-HAND WIFE. By Kathleen Norris. 2s. TANGLED LOVE. By Kathleen Norris. 2s.

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A Flying Start at the Sale of the Oppenheimer Treasures at Christie's

THE OUTSTANDING LOT OF THE FIRST DAY: This lightning study by Leonardo da Vinci of "A Rider on a Rearing Horse," a virile silver-point drawing in which the versatile master's left-handed line work is strongly in evidence, was knocked down to Messrs. Colnaghi at the phenomenal figure of 4,100 guineas at the opening of the Oppenheimer sale. As it measures only 5⅞ in. by 4¾ in. the price paid amounts to £165 a square inch. When the Earl of Pembroke's collection was dispersed in 1917 this same sketch fetched only £300

The remarkable collection of drawings by old masters occupied the first three days of the fortnight's sale of treasures brought together by the late Mr. Henry Oppenheimer. Expert frequenters of the auction rooms for the most part reckoned that the drawings would in all fetch about £50,000, but such was the keenness of the bidding—a keenness evidencing the upward economic trend—that on the first day alone a total of £30,000 was realized, while £24,000 on the second day resulted in the £50,000 mark being topped easily.

Those who were fortunate enough to get into Christie's had a thrilling experience, and as lot after lot came under the hammer it was quite apparent that buyers were in a mood for record breaking, hardly a drawing, the previous auction price of which was known, failing to show a very considerable appreciation.

The outstanding event at the opening was the realisation of 4,100 guineas on the da Vinci drawing reproduced on this page, while the 1,050 guineas paid for Bernardino Luini's "Portrait of a Lady" was almost equally spectacular in its own way.

Of the several works by Canaletto the chief proved to be a pen drawing of the Ascension Day Festival at Venice, part of a series of which four others are in the British Museum, which fell to the bid of Mr. Bellisi at 800 guineas. Some studies for a picture of the Martyrdom of the Ten Thousand by Vittore Carpaccio made 860 guineas (Rosenberg),

THE ART OF DIRK BOUTS (1420-1475): The half-length portrait of a young Fleming which attracted the most attention on the second day at Christie's, spirited bidding ending in Colnaghi securing it at 4,000 guineas. In 1919 it was valued at £715

and 850 guineas were given by Mr. Lugt, of Amsterdam, for a drawing originally thought to be German, but now given to the Circle of Pisanello.

On left—VAN DYCK GENRE DU PAYSAGE: 330 guineas were paid for this comparatively rare example of the great Flemish portrait painter's landscape work

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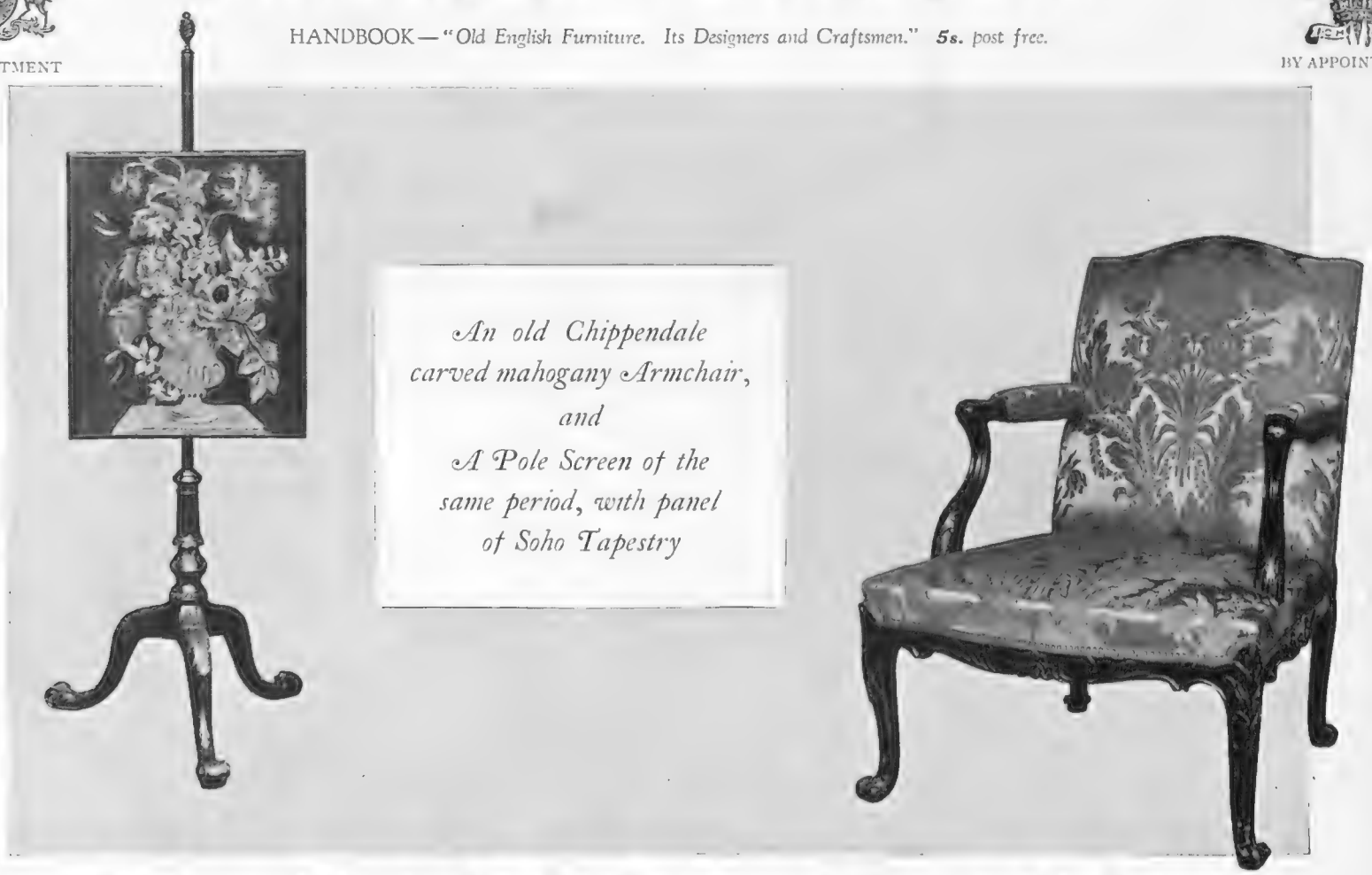

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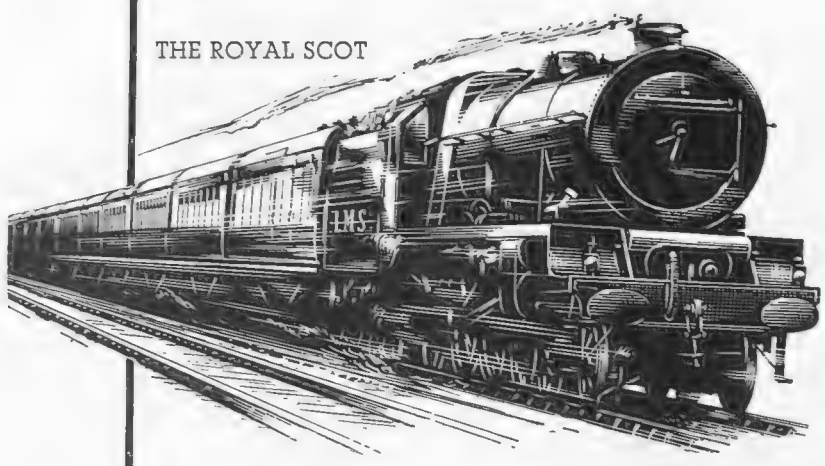

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CASTLE PERNSTEJN: A thirteenth-century Moravian stronghold which has been admirably restored and is now one of the show places of Czechoslovakia

CZECHOSLOVAKIA:

Its Cities, Spas, and Mountains

IN the early years after the War people used to make jokes about going abroad to search for Czechoslovakia. The name was new then, although the traditions of the people who lived in this mysterious land, a piece carved out of the former Austro-Hungarian Empire, were amongst the oldest and purest in Europe. Nowadays, however, nobody affects ignorance of Czechoslovakia's whereabouts, and the Czechs have won for themselves general admiration by the determination and energy with which they have set about putting their country on the political, economic, cultural, and lastly—the point that concerns us here—the touristic map. The traveller's danger is no longer failing to find Czechoslovakia but rather failing to realise, when once there, that Czechoslovakia's present importance and vitality are of such recent origin, and forgetting that there was ever an interlude when Prague was not the capital of an independent sovereign State.

Vitality is the important word. It is, I think, the clue to the Czech character and to the particular kind of pleasure that is to be derived from travelling about in Czechoslovakia. Among the townsfolk one finds evidence of it in their quickness and up-to-dateness; in the excellence, for example, of their modern buildings; among the peasants, in their spontaneity and apparent capacity for enjoying life—I say "apparent" because the language they speak is difficult beyond belief. Local costumes are a good indication of it, and in Czechoslovakia one finds some that are extraordinarily pretty, and that are worn, what is more, with a complete lack of self-consciousness, their owners not having yet discovered, fortunately, how close they stand to modern sophisticated taste.

Prague is a lovely place, and as one invariably finds with towns that are really alive, the old and the new somehow blend together in an entirely satisfactory way. This is the more remarkable because the old parts of Prague are so very old, and the new ones so very new. The castle dates back to the ninth century, A.D., the cathedral is fourteenth century Gothic, the University was founded in 1348. The "old town," although it covers only quite a small area, is fascinating to explore (a relic from the not so distant past here is the house in which Mozart lived), and the view one gets of the castle from across the river is probably one of the most beautiful to be seen in any European capital. Prague is definitely a place worth spending several days in, and it is not a bad idea, when you arrive there first, to take advantage of one of the organised

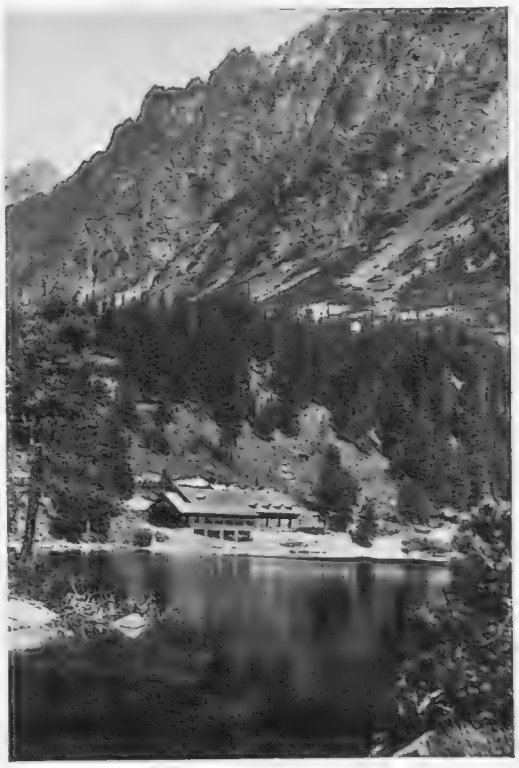
SUNDAY BEST: A peasant girl in the costume of Uherské Horadlse in the Slovak area of Moravia

sightseeing tours (by motor coach) which start from the Námesti Republiky every morning at 9 a.m. and every afternoon at 2.30. There is also a very pleasant river trip one can make to Zbraslav and Stechovice, and a drive to the fourteenth-century castle of Karlstein,

Czechoslovakia—or rather, the territory that now comprises Czechoslovakia—has long been famous for its spas, and the Karlsbad and Marienbad of pre-war days are maintaining their great tradition to-day under the names of Karlovy Vary and Mariánské Lázne—and what, after all, is in a name? There are a number of others as well, among the best known being Jáchymov (St. Joachimsthal) Pistany, Frantiskovy Lázne (Franzensbad), which between them provide treatment for almost every ailment you can think of. Pistany is one which has come into favour a good deal lately, and which is said to be extremely efficacious for neuralgia and sciatica. By some freak of nature there are huge deposits of radio-active mud here, and mud baths are a special feature of the cure.

The spa itself is on an island in the river Váh, a little apart from the town, and the surroundings in which it lies are delightful. To the south are the broad fertile plains of the Danube basin; to the north the narrow valleys and steeply-wooded hills of the Little Carpathians. There are some good motor drives, and a place that should certainly be visited is Trencin, some distance farther up the Váh. Here there is a wonderful castle—most of it in ruins now, but with its sturdy central tower still intact, which provides one of the best view-points in the whole district. There is also a well, sunk in the solid rock to a depth of more than 500 ft., down which the custodian will gladly hurl burning sheets of newspaper for the entertainment of visitors: it is an eerie sight.

Of the big towns, next to Prague the best known one (for fairly obvious reasons!) is Pilsen, and no one will have much difficulty in detecting it even though it is now disguised as Plzen. It is an important industrial centre, but unlike most industrial centres, it can boast of a surprising number of quite extraordinarily fine Renaissance buildings—the legacy of a period when, long before the present age of coal and steel, it was one of the richest trading centres anywhere in Europe, and a city where culture



A LAKE IN THE HIGH TATRAS: One of the beautiful places that can be visited from Strbské Pleso

flourished. Plzen has a big market place, and the scene it presents in the early morning, when it is thronged with people is very attractive—like the colourful backcloth of some opera or ballet.

If one does go to Plzen (it lies to the south-west of Prague, towards the German frontier), two other places that are also worth visiting are Domazlice and Prachatice, particularly the latter. This is a little town so steeped in the feeling of the past, so mellow, with such lovely old buildings, that it is hard to speak about except in the rather hackneyed superlatives of the guide books. Suffice then to say that Prachatice is full of vivid historical associations and is very pretty.

(*Continued on page* 128)

WHERE RANK AND FASHION PROMENADE: Carlsbad's famous Muhlbrunnen Collonade, which is invariably thronged with visitors during the summer months, and is the centre of the spa's gay social life

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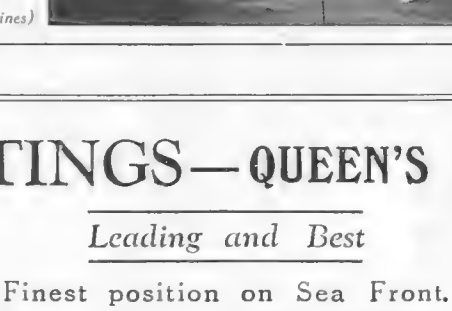

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In Quest of

The Grenville at Bude, Touring North

Bude, an excellent headquarters for touring North Devon and North Cornwall, always reminds me of a demure country maiden—she has both natural modesty and charm. You never read of her in the Press, holding battles of flowers, beauty shows, and the like to attract the masses.

She offers you flowers in profusion, whilst as regards beauty she modestly says little about herself, but suggests a little timidly that if perhaps you are thinking of exploring such famous spots as Boscastle, Tintagel, Clovelly, Hartland Point, Bideford, Barnstaple, and so on, she is a natural headquarters for your daily excursions and diversions.

But she omits to say in her modesty that she has so much charm in herself that you will be very loath to let her out of your sight.

The Grenville Hotel, which is the only first class hotel of any size there, aids and abets in Bude's quiet delight in "holding" the newly arrived visitor

Isn't good food a magnetic attraction? And I can personally vouch for the fact that on every occasion I have had a meal at the Grenville—and often I have arrived unexpectedly—I have been regaled with a repast that would do credit to any first-class London hotel.

From the last weeks in July to the middle of September, the Grenville abandons itself to the holiday spirit, and then a large percentage of those departing only go away to return another year. For the Grenville has an understanding of the needs of the holiday-maker, and just as Bude itself is strategically placed for exploring the countryside, so is the Grenville a pivotal point for the attractions of Bude itself. And here are some of them :—

Surfing.—Ever tried it? It's great fun. It will defeat you at first, but when you have mastered it you'll be waiting for the biggest Atlantic roller yet!

And when, after battling wits against nature, you feel like a swim, demure Bude with that feminine characteristic of looking ahead, has provided *the* perfect swimming pool among the rocks. And being of an economical turn of mind she permits the sea to replenish it with fresh water daily.

Golf.—Three minutes from the hotel is an eighteen-hole course covering some 5,600 yards of Downland. And if you *do* lift your head you have every excuse for there are magnificent views of the Atlantic on one side, and a picturesque countryside on the other.

There is also a nine-hole course for ladies, and a number of putting greens.

Whilst surfing, swimming, and swinging a club are the main diversions of the Grenville visitors, there are plenty of others. Tennis in the hotel grounds. Daneing in a fine ballroom. Billiards, table tennis, and of course, you cannot leave Bude without visiting the historical and picturesque places I have already mentioned.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Archer, who manage the Grenville, shun publicity, but from personal knowledge I can testify to the personal interest they take in every visitor who stays there. In fact I am sure that there are many who return to the Grenville because they appreciate the genial welcome they get on a return visit.

For those who are forced to take their holidays late in the year, I can confidently recommend Bude and its Grenville Hotel.

When the days draw in, Bude rejoices in an extra half an hour of sunshine to places in and around London, and owing

ALEXANDRA HOTEL HYDE PARK CORNER LONDON, S.W.1

A good address—

in the sense that it is in the heart of fashionable London directly overlooking Hyde Park, and is so convenient for reaching your social or business rendezvous. Here both residence and entertainment are a pleasure and an economy.

140 delightful rooms (and suites), each with running water, central heating and telephone. The terms—an agreeable surprise. Brochure on request. Under the same management as Oatlands Park Hotel. Telephone: Sloane 4521 (10 lines).

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Bexhill-on-Sea.—Granville Hotel. Tel. 1437.
Blackpool.—The Headlands Private Hotel.
Bognor Regis.—Carlton Hotel. 'Phone 656.
Bognor Regis.—Royal Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 40.
Bournemouth.—Bourne Hall Hotel. Tel. 5.
Brighton.—Royal Crescent Hotel. Tel. 4171.
Bude.—The Grenville Hotel.
Carlyon Bay.—St. Austell Bay Hotel.
Droitwich Spa.—Raven Hotel. Tel. 50.
Eastbourne.—Hydro Hotel.
Evesham.—Mansion House Hotel.
Exford, nr. Minehead.—Crown Hotel. 'Phone 43.
Guildford.—Tangley Hall. Tel. Shalford 179.
Harrogate.—The Cairn Hydro. Tel. 4005.
Harrogate.—Prospect Hotel. Tel. 3015-3016.
Hastings.—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 201.
Hastings.—Albany Hotel. Tel. 761 and 762.
Haywards Heath.—The Birch Hotel.
Keswick, English Lakes.—The Keswick Hotel.
Keswick (English Lakes).—The Borrowdale Hotel.
Keswick, English Lakes.—Royal Oak Hotel.
Littlehampton.—Southlands Private Hotel.
Llandudno.—Imperial Hotel. Tel. 6206.
Llandudno.—St. George's Hotel.
Lyme Regis.—Hotel Alexandra. Tel. 10.
Lyndhurst (Hants.).—Holmfield Hotel.
Manchester.—Bowdon Hydro.
Middleton-on-Sea (Sussex).—Southdean. Tel. 2.
Newquay.—Headland Hotel. Tel. 511.
Pulborough.—Lodge Hill Hotel.
Rye (Sussex).—Old Hope Anchor. Tel. 126.
Sanderstead (Surrey).—Selsdon Park Hotel.

Good Hotels

By ASHLEY COURTENAY

An Ideal Headquarters when Devon and Cornwall

to its proximity to the Gulf Stream, you can often bask in the sunshine at Bude when you might be shivering elsewhere.

During the war Bude was full all through the winter months, as people went there to escape the air raids. If only people would realise that by going to Bude they can also escape Mr. Jack Frost, damp, and fog, Bude would have a fifty-two weeks' season.

But Bude is a demure little maid. You must court her if you would appreciate her charm. She will never put on "make up" to attract you!

Should you for some reason prefer a smaller hotel to the Grenville, Bude has some small hotels, which are knit together in the common desire to serve the visitor, by a local Hotels Association of which Mr. A. J. Abbott, of the Hartland Hotel, is the Hon. Secretary.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

I have had a number of enquiries from readers about to tour through Devon and Cornwall by car, asking advice on where to be sure of good food and good beds. In this respect my volume 2 of *Let's Halt Awhile*—Devon and Cornwall (a companion volume to my Kent, Surrey and Sussex volume) should be of help. It can be ordered through your usual bookshop or bookseller, price 1s. or be obtained for 1s. 3d. post free from the offices of this paper. It covers the coasts of Devon and Cornwall starting from Lynton, North Devon and working around the coast to Plymouth, describes places on and around Dartmoor, "finds" between "Axe and Exe," and so on.

The Norfolk Coast.

I have written to an enquirer regarding medium priced accommodation in the Cromer and Sheringham area, to say that I can recommend the West Parade Hotel at Cromer and the Grand Hotel, Mundesley.

Farmhouse Accommodation.

Here is a "gem." Mrs. Mather, Northover Farm, near Steyning, Sussex, especially if you are keen on riding.

Thank You's.

L. H. writes to say that Southcliffe Hall Hotel, Lee-on-Sea, Devon, and the surrounding countryside completely justified my recommendation. He had a marvellous holiday.

S.W. J., Glasgow, thanks me for the trouble I have taken in giving him advice on a route which covered Liverpool to Bath, and then around the Devon and Cornish Coast.

M. D., Aberdeen, writes, "I think the Imperial at Llandudno is just what we want, and we are grateful to you for your very prompt attention."

En route to Cornwall.—C.M.G., Ware, enquires for "somewhere for one or two nights on the way to Cornwall. Comfortable and quiet and with a garden if possible," and I replied strongly recommending the following: Holmfield at Lyndhurst, New Forest, or Kingsworthy Court Hotel, near Winchester.

Dogs.—"Are dogs allowed at Oatlands Park Hotel, Weybridge," writes D.N. of Eastbourne. "Yes, provided"—as their new booklet states—"they do not eat the smaller dog."

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor of THE SPHERE, *32, St. Bride Street, E.C.4.*

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Illustrated Brochure with pleasure. Telephone: Weybridge 1190 (six lines).

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Sidmouth.—Fortfield Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Knowle Hotel. Tel. 5.
Sidmouth.—Torbay View Private Hotel.
Southampton.—The Polygon Hotel.
Southport.—Waverley Hotel Ltd., Promenade.
Stratford-on-Avon.—Edstone Hall Guesthouse.
St. Leonards-on-Sea.—Beauport Park Hotel.
Taunton (Somerset).—Castle Hotel. 'Phone 2671.
Tavistock (Devon).—Bedford Hotel. Tel. 37.
Tewkesbury, Gloucester.—Royal Hop Pole Htl.
Torquay.—Palm Court Hotel.
West Wickham (Kent).—Wickham Court Hotel
Weybridge.—Oatlands Park Hotel.
Worthing.—Percival's Hotel. Sea front. Tel. 1661.
Worthing.—Ferring Grange Hotel.

LONDON

Alexandra Hotel.—Hyde Park.
Cadogan Hotel, Sloane Street, S.W.1.
Hotel Constance, Lancaster Gate, W.2. Padd. 8003
De Vere Hotel. S.W.7. West 0051.
Goring Hotel, S.W.1. Victoria 8210.

SCOTLAND

Peebles.—Peebles Hydro.

NORTHERN IRELAND

Belfast.—Grand Central Hotel.
Rostrevor (Co. Down).—Great N. (Rly) Hotel.

IRISH FREE STATE

Bundoran (Co. Donegal).—Great N. (Rly) Hotel.
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Greystones, Co. Wicklow.—Grand Hotel.

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From the first sweet breath of its pine-clad hill air, Peebles gives health and pleasure; in the heart of the romantic Scottish Borderland, with a gay round of pleasures to make every day of your stay memorable. Golf Competitions, Swimming Galas, Tennis Tournaments, Putting, Croquet, Badminton; Bridge Drives, Resident Orchestra, Dancing every evening. Fully licensed.

WRITE FOR TARIFF

PEEBLES HYDRO

HISTORIC NEWARK

(*Continued from page 110*)

march, he did not think he could be so rash as to attack him. But with his 400 mounted men (he had not waited for his foot and artillery who were following more slowly) he charged the Roundheads and thoroughly discomfited them, and before they could reform the garrison had sallied out, and the position was so bad with the only bridge across the river held against him, that Meldrum had to ask for peace—he was permitted to go but without arms or baggage—and so Newark was saved again. It was a great day for Prince Rupert, who became the head of the Royalist party.

Newark, however, was to be the scene of a reversal of fortune for the Stuarts, and of a fall from Royal favour for Prince Rupert. After the disaster at Naseby in the June of 1645, the king had retired to the West, and Rupert had gone to hold Bristol against the Parliament, but was unable to withstand the steady pressure of the besiegers, who finally stormed the city, forcing surrender. That he had put up a good defence was proved by Fairfax, the Roundhead general, allowing him and the whole garrison to march out with the honours of war. But to King Charles the loss of Bristol was so great that he could no longer trust his gallant nephew. He wrote to him a letter of bitter despair: "What is to be done after one that is so near me as you are, both in blood and friendship, submits himself to so mean an action—" and he requested him to leave the country.

Rupert was naturally indignant, but he conquered his feelings sufficiently to write a respectful letter of reply, which the king received at Newark. Though he had been expressly ordered not to do so, he determined to follow his letter and see his royal uncle personally so that he could put the whole case before him. He set out from Oxford with about a hundred mounted men, and succeeded in reaching Newark though the enemy was out searching for him on all the likely roads and he had many encounters with them. King Charles granted Rupert's request for an enquiry and at the court-martial, a complete exoneration was accorded, and a reconciliation effected. But unfortunately another cause for quarrel arose over the Governor of Newark Castle, who was Rupert's friend and who considered he had been badly treated. The king was angry at the manner in which he was approached and high words resulted, and so sharp was the dispute that the king sent Rupert and his brother passports for them to leave England. As the young men who had fought so bravely for his cause rode away from Newark, Charles, it is said, watched their departure with tears in his eyes. One is glad to remember that this was not a final parting, that they met once more at Oxford where the king accepted Rupert's apology and embraced him.

THE NEW HEADQUARTERS OF THE BRITISH BOARD OF FILM CENSORS: Carlisle House, off Soho Square, to which Lord Tyrrell and his staff are moving from Wardour Street. The place was built by Wren for the first Earl of Carlisle and still retains many of its seventeenth-century features, including the Chinese and Oak rooms, a fine staircase, and some splendid ironwork of the period. Dickens brought it fame by lodging his Dr. Manette there

In April 1646 Newark was being besieged for the third time, on this occasion by the Scottish army which was supporting the Parliament. The Scottish Commissioners were lodged in the Episcopal Palace adjoining Southwell Cathedral, a few miles from Newark, when King Charles on May 5, disguised as a servant, with his hair and beard cut, arrived in the rural village. He put up at the Saracen's Head, sleeping in the room which still retains much the same appearance as when he used it on his last night as a free man. The next day he gave himself up to the Scots under the impression that they would support him against the Parliament and restore him to power. Once with the Scots he sent a command to the governor of Newark to yield up the town, which the loyal city reluctantly obeyed. By order of the Parliament the stout old castle was demolished and rendered useless for further defence.

B. H.

CZECHOSLOVAKIA (*Cont. from page 125*)

Czechoslovakia's mountain regions are the ones to which the attention of the tourist organisations has been most recently turned. They offer marvellous holiday opportunities and in many parts the traveller who wants to get right away from civilisation for a time, can achieve all that his heart desires with the minimum of difficulty. The highest range is that of the High Tatras, and among these there is a considerable variety of peaks for climbers to attempt, whether they are beginners or experts. Two of the best known are Mount Kriván and Mount Rysy. Perhaps the most suitable all-round place to choose as one's headquarters in the High Tatras is Strbské Pleso, a lakeside resort, with splendid mountain views in every direction. The lake itself is very charming and there are some lovely woodland walks for those who like to keep to fairly level ground. There are good hotels at Strbské Pleso, and the air there is extremely exhilarating, both in summer and winter.

At the same time must be mentioned the "Giant Mountains" (Krkonose), along the northern frontier of the country, only a short journey from Prague. They are not so high as the Tatras, nor have they the same ruggedness, but the district is a very beautiful one, and here again there is an all-the-year-round season, winter sports being no less popular than summer climbing expeditions. For a summer visit some of the places best worth considering are Novy Svet, Janske Lazne and Spindleruv Mlyn.

One more word: the Czechoslovak exchange is in our favour (120 kronen to the £ sterling), and the cost of living is everywhere reasonable enough to make quite an economical holiday possible, even taking the length of the journey into consideration.

Richard Nowell

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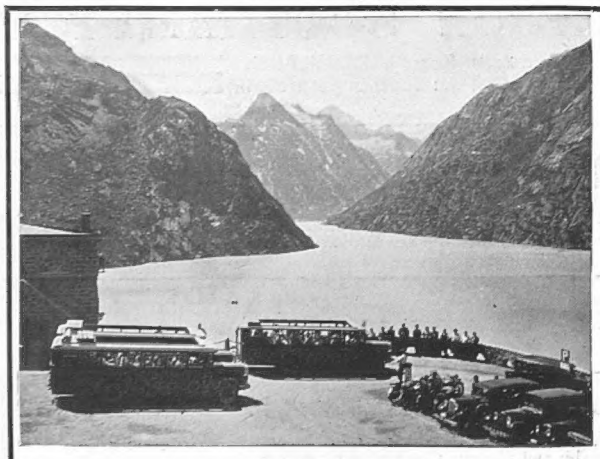

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Villingen.—Kurhaus Waldhotel.—
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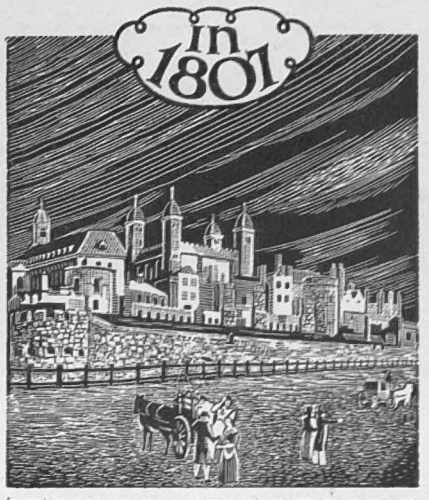

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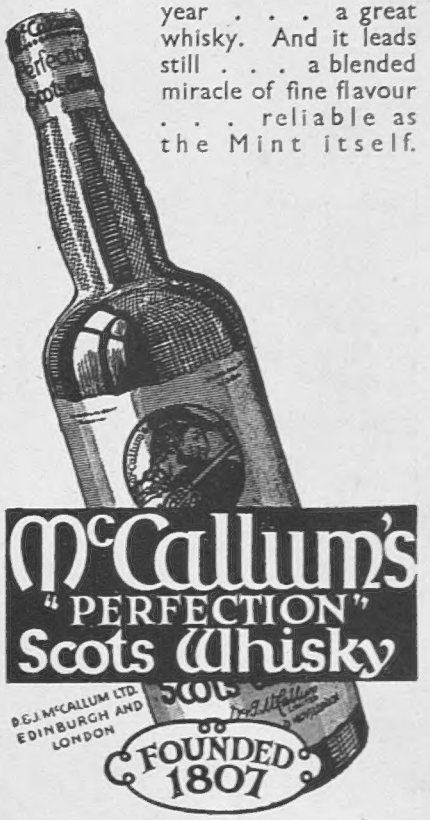

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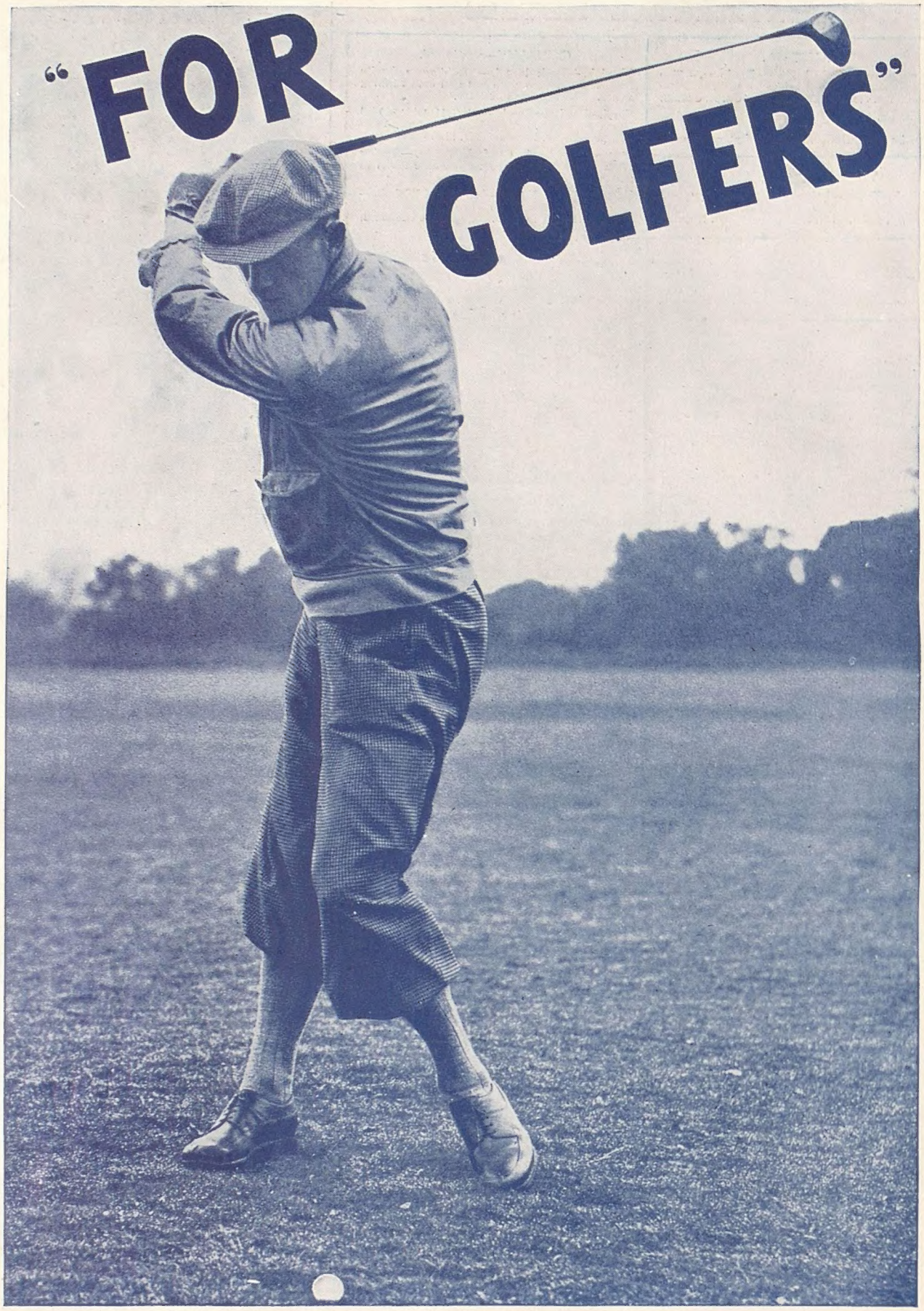

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